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Preserving the Past for the Future

FLASH BACK

UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS
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Washington County Historical Society

Preserving the Past for the Future

FLASHBACK

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DIARY OF JOSEPH SANDERS

Edited By Pat Donat
Foreward by E. Byron Franz

Joseph Sanders was 43 years old when he left Monroe County, Indiana in 1856 and moved his family to Washington County, Arkansas. With him were his wife Sarah, called Sally, and seven of their eight living children. Their last child would be born within the next few months.

Joseph's grandfather, Henry Sanders, Sr., who was a South Carolina Revolutionary War veteran, had moved the family to Indiana from Knox County, Kentucky some 40 years earlier, and since 1828 they had lived at Stanford, near Bloomington. There Joseph earned the sobriquet of "Squire Jo" which was used thereafter to distinguish him from the several other Josephs in his family. He had served as Justice of the Peace (which merited him the Squire title), constable, school teacher and postmaster, proving his popularity among local voters. He had also operated a mercantile store and had farmed successfully.

On January 1, 1856, several months before the Arkansas move, Jo began a diary of his life, going back to his very first memories. He continued this project until 1880, leaving his descendants a document of historic family signicance. That diary is now in the Penrose Library at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington, near where he spent the last fifteen years of his life. It is from this diary that we have the following excerpt about his stay in Arkansas.

Much of what we would like to know is missing from Jo's account, due largely to his own self-centeredness. He delves into considerable detail about his personal exploits, but reveals woefully little about others around him. For instance, one gets the impression that Sally may have ceased to exist after the marriage ceremony, as she is rarely mentioned. There is also a disturbing lack of reasons given for momentous decisions which he made, such as the move to Arkansas. In some cases he gives fairly elaborate details about locations, but it is only from other sources that we know exactly where they settled in Washington County. From deed records we learn that he owned the north half of Section 1 in Brush Creek township in the northeast corner of the county.

Jo does tell us that his brother-in-law Claborn Fritts lived near him there, but he does not mention several other relatives who were also in Arkansas. Two of these were his cousins Simeon and William Sanders who had arrived well before him, together with their father who was also named Joseph Sanders and was an uncle to Squire Jo. Nor does he mention his father-in-law, Henry Fritts, together with Henry's several children who also lived there—except, of course, for Claborn. It is reasonable to assume that there had been correspondence between these families, and the favorable descriptions Jo was given of Arkansas activated his "greener pastures glands", so to speak. There is no hint that politics entered into his decision to move.

In politics Jo was caught on the horns of a dilemma. He was in sympathy

with southern Democratic causes, but also a strict Unionist, opposing secession. Although he professed no support for slavery, his disdain for negroes was ill-disguised. He studiously avoided overt support of either the south or the north. Only his first son, John, was old enough to be in the fight, but he was married and had a family to support. How they avoided the bushwhackers is not known, but somehow they remained neutral. Later, after the family returned to Indiana, John was required to register for the northern draft. That problem was solved when they moved out west to Washington Territory in early 1865, although there were some close calls in getting away without being dicovered.

There are living descendants of the family, now in their 80s and 90s, who remember Jo's and Sally's children and older grandchildren telling of the terror they felt in the Pea Ridge Battle. The fact that all of them survived, in spite of losing nearly all their possessions, is a feat well worth notice. Their later wagon trip out west was accomplished with equally good fortune, although one of the boys did kill an Indian who was trying to steal their horses. If we are to take Jo's diary at face value, they remained calm in spite of all their hardships.

One grandchild still survives. She is Maud Sanders Moos, now 90, who lives at Connell, Washington. The oldest surviving descendant, though, is Elva Clancy Martin, 91, a great-grandchild, living in Spokane, Washington. The writer is a great-great-grandson, descended from the only baby born during the trip west. That baby was named Lydia Utah Sanders because she was born near Green River, Wyoming, which was then in Utah Territory.

In its original form, the diary is difficult to read. Although Jo's penmanship was quite good, his punctuation was virtually non-existent, in spite of his having been a school teacher and specializing in punctuation! Many of his expressions are long out of usage but do contribute color to the text. Spelling, another of his teaching specialties, is generally good but lacks consistency.

Although Squire Jo Sanders made no significant contribuutions to mankind, his record of life in those times and places makes for fascinating reading. Had it not been for his touch of egotism, we would not have that record today.

(Editor's note: Because of space limitations, we are unable to print in this issue the story of the Sanders' move to Arkansas, but his impressions of his life in Washington County are well summarized in the following excerpts from a letter to his sister and brother-in-law dated April 11, 1858, "at home in Washington County near Little Spring post office in Madison County, Arkansas.")

You will like the people here. They are friendly like they used to be when people was honest. Even the missionaries are sociable and preach the gospel and don't meddle with polaticks, but they will fight other denominations. When they quit they will take the country.

You must consider this part of the letter well and not look to see a paradise, because I have written so great about it, because there is lots of rough country, but I have always looked at the advantages. I could have got

farms for the same money that some had rather have than 3 of my farm, for I have a rough place, for on 280 acres I haven't more than 120 acres of tillable land, but I will tell you how I look at it. I live on the edge of a good settlement on 2 sides, while two sides are thousands of (acres of) congress land, well-timbered with grass thick as it can stand, waist high in the fall and but little timbered land on it, and if it is ever entered, it will be for the timber and will never be opened up. So it will be an everlasting outlet for stock. The mast seldom ever fails, so that our hogs is seldom to be fed, and if the grass ever gives out I can fence up my rough land and sow it down, but you and me will not live to see that time. Another thing is I have good buildings for the country, and so many good springs and so convenient and a mill seat that is worth $3,000 dollars.

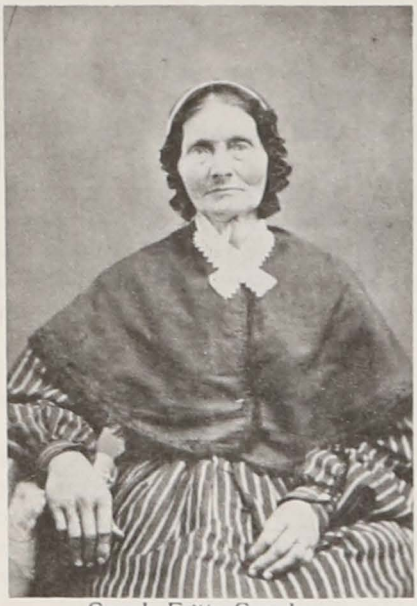
Now let me tell the bad side of the tale. The most of my tillable land is ½ mile from home and what is about the house overflows once in 4 or 5 years. Then the hillsides are so rocky they wear out shoes so bad.

When you read both sides you may think you would not have it, but I am so well pleased I don't look at the bad side because the land produces so well. It over-balances every objection. There is nice land and as rough land here as you every saw anywhere. Now I want you to read this letter over six times and study it well and I think if ever you come in the right frame (of mind) you will like this country. Though you may not like it at first, you will like it when you try the climate one year and work all winter in your shirt sleeves and work all summer without going to the shade, and when you see cows shed of slick the first of April and giving a blue bucket full of milk at one time, and when you see the woods full of large hogs in the spring, fat enough for pork that never eat a year of corn in their lives. But I am on the good side again, but you must excuse me for I am so well satisfied that I will leap clear over the bad side. But when you have been here one year and your children's cheeks gits rosey, then Nancy will say "No wonder Jo was so well pleased." You don't know how I want to hear that you have sold out and started to move and leave that awful hollow.

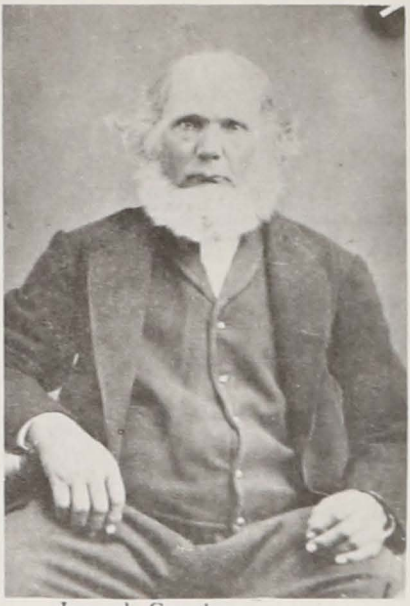
(Editor's note: The following part of the diary deals with the coming of war to northern Arkansas, the battle of Pea Ridge and the Sander's decision to return North to escape the war.)

Exciting times and many crimes
The northern Abs are coming in (Abs = abolitionists)
And by the necks they have to swing.

February 25th 1862 - There has been so many ups and downs since I wrote I hardly know where to begin. I was sent to the Association at Fort Smith in 1860. I was the only delegate from Brush Creek. We had a fine time. It was the time of the abolition excitement in Texas—about the time Buel was hung. While we was at the meeting there was 2 abolitionists hung in Fort Smith which scared the boys so bad that we drove all night and got across the mountain 40 miles and landed in Fayetteville at sunrise. So when we got home Oaks was so bad skeered he left next morning for Mo. but G. H. staid until after the presidential election and voted for Stephen A. Douglas. By this time



Sarah Fritts Sanders
Born 30 May 1815
Lee County, VA
Died 27 Nov. 1878
Walla Walla, WA



Joseph Sanders
Born 15 May 1813
Knox Co. (Whitley Co.) KY
Died 27 Oct. 1890
Walla Walla, WA

the excitement had got very high. A stranger was in danger, there was so much devilment done by the abolitionists.

Before I go any further, I will state that I was elected twice to the office of Justice of the Peace and had considerable business to do. I married several couple. One couple I got the word just at sundown, then I had to go 3 miles home, put on my boilt shirt, got on my horse at dusk, had 8 miles to go, got lost, wandered over the mountain until 9 o'clock, got a pilot out to place before 10 where I found the parties anxiously waiting. I soon tied them together; had a fine time. I could tell several fine times I had. I was the only delegate to the Association in 1861; it was held in Benton county at the walnut spring, 25 miles from where I live, but the war excitement had go so high there was but little business done. The secession and union principals destroid all good feeling.

Lincoln is elected, just as I expected
So blood is shed just as I sayd.

After the presidential election when it appeared that Abe Lincoln the rail-splitter (who was nominated entirely by the Northern Abolitionists) was elected, the excitement become very great. The legislature soon passed an act calling a state convention to say what the state had best do and notwithstanding the many speeches made by the fire eaters and the many false reports against the North, the Union candidates were all elected by an overwhelming majority. The delegates met at Little Rock and soon past the seces-

sion act, bringing it back for the people to vote on at the August election, but before the time had arrived there was a large army sent in to prevent an outbreak who was very troublesome, pressing men, waggons and teams into service, and by raising false alarms, turned the whole country secesh, some in earnest, others through fear and at last, by one terrible effort by lying they caused the convention to meet and at the point of the sord or Bowey knife, the secession act was past and a large code of laws inacted compelling every man to be Secession or be forced into the army with his horses, and if he refused he was shot down.

Finally, through false reports, it got to be dangerous for any man to advocate the Union. Some few still ventured to say to each other what they thought. Finally the country was called out as home guards, some intending to shoot any person that spoke for the Union, and some one thing and some another. Finally the churches were prevented from meeting for fear someone would pray for the Dutch. At last the fighting commenced in hearing, and after the Confederate armies had burnt all their winter quarters and provisions, and all the mills in the country, the Pea Ridge battle come off, which history will record as one of the hardest battles of the war.

For some time before the battle, the Federal army was among us. When we heard they were in the country, everyone was skeered except those of us that was raised in the north. Some run and hid but I was not one bit afraid, although we was told that the Union army was all Dutch and free Negroes and that they was stealing all the negroes and horses as they come, and stripping the women and children and burning the houses as they come. Because I disputed the false rumers, I was called an Abolitionist and I had as soon been called a horse thief. I was reported several times to the regulators as an abolitionist, but my votes saved me, and my being for the Union was computed to ignorance. But when the Union army come and, instead of destroying everything and insulting the women, they behaved better than the Confederate army and protected the property, those who had turned Secesh through necessity now saw that they had been gulled. The Army was nearly all Democrats and opposed to Jim Lane and Montgomery's negro stealing, and said they would go home and fite whenever they found they were fiting to free slaves..

Some will fight while others run
Some shoots and throws away their gun.

A few days before the Pea Ridge battle, while I was at work in my clearing, the first thing I know up wrode 20 or 30 Federal soldiers and wanted to buy some corn, but I told them that I had been forced to let the confederate army have all I had to spare (but they was then at my crib helping themselves). So they left me and I thought no more about it, but in half hour two soldiers come to me and said the Coronel Phelps and General Vandiver sent their respects to me and requested me to meet them at Simon Sanders. So as it was only ½ mile and near as it was to my own house, I told the boys to go home and feed, and off I goes with the solders, but judge of my surprise when I got in sight and saw the valley as far as I could see covered with tents and campfires, and the cannons set facing in every direction. I thought to myself, "Jo, you are a

prizner; someone has betraid you."...I was in my shirt sleeves and it nearly freezing cold, and the sun nearly down. When I got down I found several of the neighbors there talking and laughing, and the soldiers picking chickens and cleaning hogs, and packing off bacon, and the officers eating their dinners. They were paying for all they got except some corn where there was no one to be found to receive pay. Well, I was conducted to General Vandiver of Iowa who seemed glad to see me. He sent a gard with me out to Colonel Phelps of Mo. who received me with a friendly grip. His servents were all glad to see me. I soon found that I was not a prisner. After some conversation I asked the Colonel if he was not afraid of me, but he told me that he was acquainted with me and several of the neighbors before he left Springfield. He soon told me his business which I shall forebear naming, as I was in constant company with both armies. I did not betray either but was neutril. I soon requested him to give me a pass out of the camps, which was granted, and to my surprise when I got home I found my house and yard full of officers and soldiers who had used most of my corn, thinking as I was not at home that I was in the Secesh army, but when they found me all right they paid me for all they got and 20 of the officers staid all night with me and we had a fine time. They were all Democrats but one, and they said when they found out that they were fighting to free the Negroes they were going home to fite the Abolitionists. About 9 o'clock that night the pickets were fired on by 4 men.

The army left next morning by break of day and come very near being cut off by the enemy, but they got back to the main army the second day of the Pea Ridge fight in time to gain some of the laurels. I shall not describe this battle, as it will come out in history. Suffice it to say that the roar of the cannons caused great excitement and anxiety to know what was going on, but we could not hear one word during the three days fight although many went to try to hear; some went so near that they were taken prizners. Several of us got in 7 miles of the battlefield and sat on White River bank, and there was a great many returned that had been in 2 miles of the battle but could not git any news. But at last there was 8 of the Secesh army come and told us that their whole ridgement was killed but them. They staid all night with us and told us wonders that they had done in taking and retaking one of Seagles battries and that when they left the dead men was waist deep around the battery, and that they made their escape by throwing away their guns and coats and running for dear life between two columns of Seagles men. Well, we did not hear anything more of that Rigment for 6 days, when they began to come in by small squads. All had some big tale to tell, but the truth was they, being Union men, had all stacked their guns and fled without firing a gun, and one other Ridgement done the same way. In the next chapter I will tell of the retreat of the Secesh army and their tales.

If you retreat, Look your meat
Rain or shine, Keep the line.

The battle begun on the 6th day of March and at 11 o'clock A.M. on the 8th, the Secesh army begun to retreat. Price with 15,000 men took the Vanwinkle road through the blocade that he had made to cut off the retreat of the federal army. (The blocade was made by felling all the timber on a narrow backbone for 3 miles.)

Ranes with 5,000 men took the Elm Springs road to take care of the baggage trains. A small portion took the Keetsville road and was followed and taken prizner. The ballance of the army squandered in all directions. I will only follow Price's men and some of the scattering men. The first nite Price campt in 6 miles of the battleground in the pineries without anything to eat, and having fasted for 3 days and fought so hard, they fired the dead pine and lay down all fell so sound asleep they never posted any centenels and they slept so sound that they burnt their cloths, hats and boots and some got their hair burnt before they awoke. 100 men could have taken the 16,000. Next morning they started very early and the wind laid (which had been very seviere for the last four days) and the rain come in buckets full. They took a very round about way to elude the Federal army, but by 11 o'clock A.M. they commenced passing where we lived and began to camp in 1½ miles of us. They come about 20 miles through the rain and mud. Lots of them had throwed away their shoes and socks and was wading barefoot. Every house in 3 or 4 miles was full all day and all night getting something to eat and they killed every fowl of any kind, all the cattle, hogs and sheep, and took all the bacon and corn that they could find for several miles around. For you see they had eat nothing for 4 days then, nor their horses. They cooked at our house from 11 o'clock until midnite, until there was nothing left to cook. They had taken nearly all my bacon, only what I had hid. The most of them paid for their dinner, but my bacon and corn I never got pay for. I went that evening all through their camps and seen sights. I seen lots of men cut out slices of beef and mutton before it was done bleeding and eat it raw. The only bread they had was the corn they had hooked on the road. They threw the ears into the fire and burnt the outside black and eat it. They had to fair this way for 4 days until they met their trains. They had no blankets nor tents, and it rained all nite on them. Next morning they started at daybrake, leaving provision enough on the ground to have done the army for 10 days, together with guns, cartrich boxes, cartridges, pocket books, knives, shoes, socks, coats and many other things to tedious to mention.

Right here I may as well say that when the Federal army campt here they left in such a hurry that they left hundreds of dollars worth of one thing or another.

After the battle, nearly every house in 25 miles was a hospital. Lots of houses had some of both armies, and had both the red and the yellow flag floating and sergens with red and yellow sashes, and they assisted each other in amputating arms, legs, feet and hands. Just go into a house and you might see some with one arm or both arms shot off, some with one and some with both legs broke, some with a toe or finger shot of,some shot threw the jaw or cheek, or one eye out. In fact, they were wounded in every form.

As long as we staid in the country, they were coming in squads of from 2 to 20 men. Some few had their guns, but the most had threw away or hid their guns. The first word was to enquire for the Dutch (the Federal army). The next thing was to enquire for the Confederate army, but none seemed in much of a hurry.

Coffee without bread
And here's our horses hant been fed.

On the last day of the battle some of us concluded to leave the country if we could get off, but that was a difficult undertaking. So on the 11th day of March 5 of us concluded to go to the battleground and try to git a pass to leave the country. So we started on the Vanwinkle road which made it 20 miles. We found lots of boots, shoes, socks, coats, coffeepots, buckets, flag poles and parts of flags, with many other things which had been left in the flurry going through the blocade. Everyone we met told us we had better turn back as every man was taken prizner, but we kept strate on. When we got in 2 miles we seen a man that had been prizner and just bin released. When we got in 1 mile of the battleground we looked two hundred yard ahead and saw (pointing right at us) 6 cannons, and we had not gone but a few steps until we was stoped by the guards and after telling our business, the Capt. of the guards was called up. After examining us very closely, we was ordered to hold on, and the colonel was sent to, who sent orders for us to come up into the ranks where we was met by the Col., a great big fat old Dutchman who enquired very close where we was going and what for, and after hearing our tale, he says, "You ish min prizhners. Dishmount." We all lit, and after being searched all over, our horses was ordered to be tied up and we was invited to go to the fire and make ourselves at home.

We now found ourselves in the midst of an entire regiment of jermans. We was considered spies and was tried in many ways so as to git us to betray ourseives. They let on to know us. They declared that I was a Capt. that they had had prizner before and that they know my horse to be an artillery horse and let on that they would have a fine artillery horse, and they let on to be going to send us to St. Louis.

About sunset we got leave to go and see to our horses and judge of our mortification when we went and found our provisions all gone except one man's who had come afoot and had his provisions in his carpet sack in his hand. He devided with the rest of us. We had a very jovial time all night by a good fire kept up by fence rails. We had no chance to sleep, but we had fine jovial guards that kept us company. The next morning we got a cup of good coffee each, but they had nothing else to give us, only some hogs and a cow that they had killed that morning and was saving untill their bread should be sent from headquarters, but as it never come until they got marching orders, we did not git anything.

That day at 3 o'clock in the evening they got orders to march one mile to the edge of the battleground, then we was ordered to fall in the rear and lead our horses single file with a guard on each side of each one of us. When they stoped and plaised out their guardes, we (with some other prizners) was sent two mile further through the battleground to the main army where we was detained until dusk.

When we got discharged after taking and subscribing an oath (not to free the Negroes but to support the Constitution of the U.S.) which we was willing to do, we was then told to go where we pleased, but as we had a pass home and a guard of 12 men, we went back the same way we come. When we started I asked leave to ride and the guards told us that as we come in they was guarding us to keep us from leaving, but now they were guarding us for

our own safety, so we might ride if we wanted to. So we mounted, for we had been on foot all day without eating any bite. On the way we all stopt at a spring to git water and the guards held our horses. When we come to them a big dutchman was trying to mount my gray horse, so I took hold of the bridle and tried to git my horse, but the dutchman said he would take the first ride. We was likely to have some difficulty when the guards stept up and told him to leave or they would make daylight through him. So he relinquished his hold and we went on. The guards told me that if he had got on the horse I would never have seen him any more.

When we got back to pickets we had a friendly invitation to stop and feed our horses and take supper with them (they had several of our neighbors with them) but we chose to go on home. So we went on and at Vanwinkle's mill we found some corn and fed our horses. We got home just at daybreak.

I will now go back and give a short description of the battleground. The dead horses lay thick all over the ground, together with all sorts of clothing, guns, swords, bayonets, stoves, canteens, saddles, blankets, bridles, martingales and, in short, almost everything. In the next chapter I will give some account of our preparation for moving.

We'll put off in the morning
Without giving warning.

When we returned home from the battleground we begun to fix for moving, and the Confederate army being gone, we fount but little difficulty in the way, as the Union men was willing to own their sentiments. The greatest difficulty was there was so many of the wounded that wanted to go with us, and a great many wanted to send letters back to their families. Some wanted us to call and take care of their farms. They was coming or sending every day to know when we was going to start. We had to dispose of what property the two armies had left us. We had to raise waggons and teams. We had saved our horses and some bacon and other things by hiding them. We never got nearer than one week of being ready to start (that is publicly) but with our friends we got within 2 days. We had laid in feed and provision to do us 20 days as we knew it could not be had on the road.

Having bartered off our surplus for bedclothes and one thing or another that was light, we was all redy only we had some rite smart Secesh money that we wanted to change for greenbacks which 3 days back could be had two dollars for one. But one morning before day a couple of friends come and told us that there was some men waylaying the road to stop all that made an attempt to leave. They had orders to hang (or press every man into service) that was known to visit the Federal army, so we got help to finish loading and at daylight of the 23rd day of March, 1862 we had taken the Prairie Creek road, and by the time it was light we was out of the settlement. Our friends that warned us of our danger went with us until noon.

There was several waggons started the day before we did that was to wait for us on the battleground. Others was to start and meet us on White river, but the last named ones we have never heard from as we took another road. I will close this chapter and take up my notes of travil.

Over the river to tan your leather
Git a pass then go to grass.

As I said, on the 23rd day of March 1862 we started to leave Dixey with 4 waggons and mostly raw teams. Andrew V. and Anderson S. helpt us 10 miles over good road. It being cool and windy, we built a good fire by a logg and took dinner. Then, after seeing us across War Eagle, they bid us adieu and we started on for Vanwinkle's ford. We soon fell in with others going our way and before we got to White River we fell in with 8 or ten other waggons. The river was thought to not be fordable, but on examination it was found to be only belly deep, but very swift and the gravil deep. One waggon got to the far bank but the steers turned to the right and stuck at the bank where it was breast high. They had to pull the waggon back into the river before they could git out. One waggon got about the middle of the river when the steers come unyoked and left the waggon. Then two men had to wade about for half an hour nearly waist deep before they could get the oxen to the waggon. One of my waggons stalled in gitting out of the river, and one of my teams refused to take the water so I had to take back another team and hitch to git the buggy across the river. There was lots of surplus horses along, some was loaded with grain. One man got about the center when down comes his horse and goes the man and a sack of corn on top of him, and before he could fairly recover his feet, away went his sack of corn on the bottom and him after it. At last he caught it and went draging it 70 yards to the bank. All out safe, we got in front and started. All safe, except some of the children who from sceer and looking at the water running had taken very sick and were vomiting.

We went alone, some having ox teams, some was waiting for other waggons, and some making fires and putting on dry cloths. We went about 3 miles from the river, crossed Prairie Creek and campt in the edge of the prairie in a flat wet place. Here I may as well tell you that we had no tent and in the hundreds of waggons which we seen, there want one single tent.

March 24th - Got a late start on account of some repairs to be made to one of the waggons. We went 5 or 6 mile and took dinner on a tree root to our left and fired the wood to our right and warmed and smoked. Soon come to the Sugar Creek battleground where we saw lots of graves, dead horses and cloths. Soon come to the Pea Ridge battleground and went three miles through it. Seen many soldiers and at the Elkhorn Tavern we found several families under the protection of the Union army until they could git off. Here we overtook and past the other waggons that had past us.

Now as we are about to leave the battleground I will try to describe it. The timber was cut all to shatters with cannon balls. The cannon balls of all kinds were laying in all directions. Clothing of all kinds—blankets, saddles, bridles, martaingales, guns, bayonets, sabbers, boxes, barrels, stoves, buckets, coffee pots, canteens, cattriges all lay promisculously scattered over the ground. We seen one iron cannon that had been dismounted and the carriage burnt. As it is impossible to describe the battleground, I will just state that we took in some cannon balls and a few other things, and left the place past the tanyard and took down Big Sugar Creek past the blockade. Found soldiers plently all the time. We was finally stopt by Jefferson C. Davies of Indiana and went into his tent and after a critical examination he give me a pass to Curtis. There was about 40 waggons waiting on me for the soldiers was so crowded it was im-

possible to pass. So when I started some other waggons started with us, not know that they had to have a pass and some went through under my pass.

After passing several thousand soldiers with their cannons, we left Sugar Creek and campt in a hollow below a spring, close to a hospital in our rear and Seagle's army ½ mile in front. They were passing and repassing all night, which caused us to be very uneasy. We kept out as guard all night. They come several times to our fire but when they found some of us up they would talk awhile and leave. We had nothing taken but one bucket. The weather was fair but cool.

(Editor's note: Squire Jo and his family left Arkansas and headed north again. The two little verses which follow tell the sad tale.)

We pass through little towns,
And through many battle grounds.

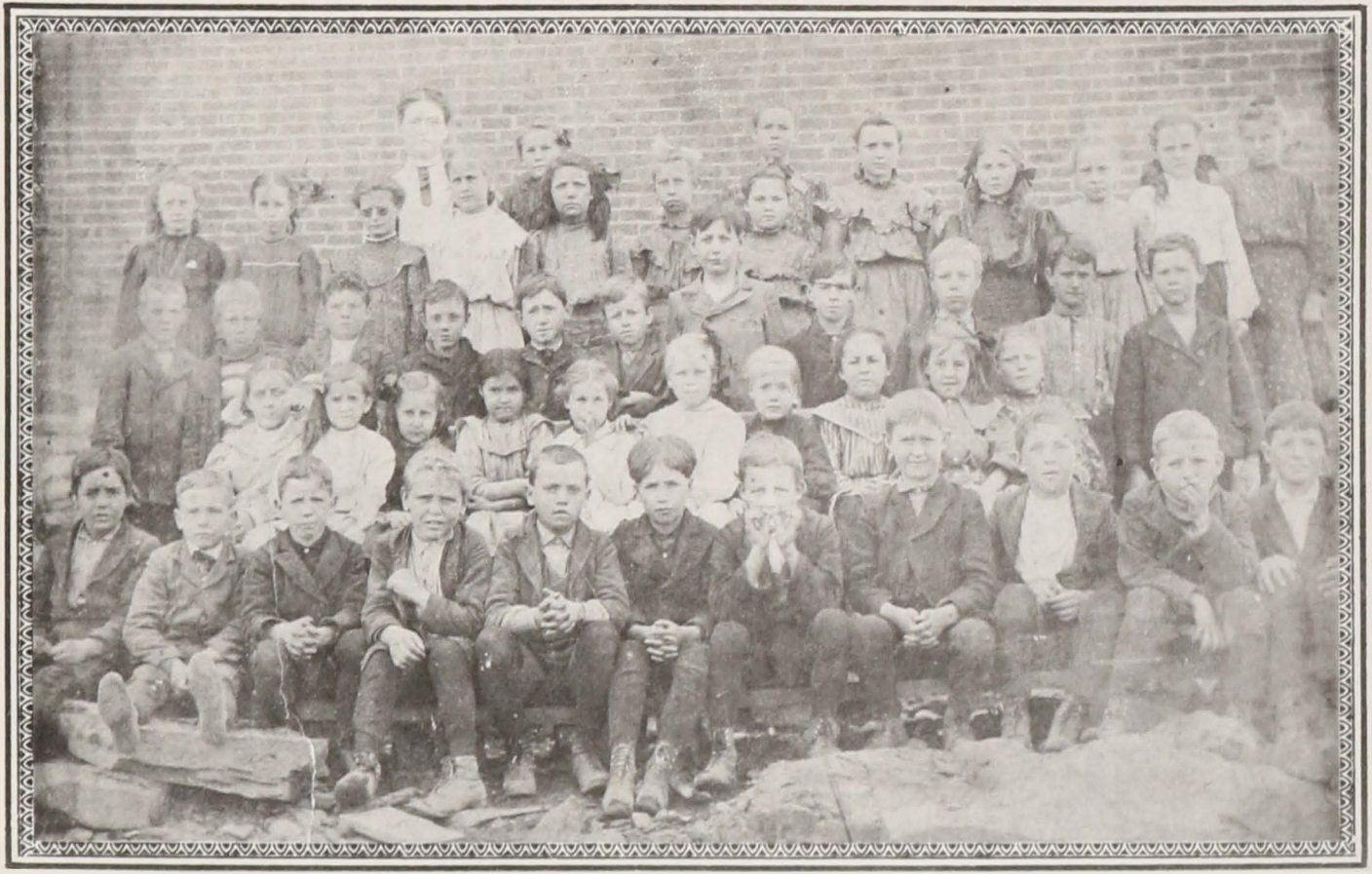
Don't git skeered, We're all neighbors
Running from the guns and sabers.

QUERIES (continued)

Mary Welsh Fincher, 4247 N. E. Totem Place, Bremerton, WA 98310 is trying to find parents of Hiram W. FINCHER, b. March 17, 1800, d. August 14, 1863 Washington County, Arkansas. What happened to his second wife Sarah? Also need information on Hiram's family. Were his sons in the Civil War? Also wants information on John Wilbrun HARRIS, b. 19 November 1878 in Arkansas, son of Fred "Fed" Harris, b. Arkansas. All letters welcome and will be answered. Will gladly share information.

Gladys L. Johnson, 46441 Stone Court, Westfir, OR 97492 is seeking information on parents of James E. HOWELL, b. 8 October 1802 Nashville, TN, m. (1) Hettie CARROLL, 23 December 1830, Monroe County, IN; (2) Sarah —, b. 26 August 1815, VA, 5 April 1825, Illinois ?, d. 5 November 1863, Washington County, Arkansas? Needs information on parents of Hettie Carroll, also. Would like to correspond with anyone who is working on these families.

Marion A. Woslum Rte. 1, Box 431, Orting, WA 98360 wants to hear from descendants of the following families or anyone having information relating to said families. They lived near Fayetteville on the White River on land they homesteaded according to my sources. Tavener WOSNUM, b. 1811, Dover England; wife Sarah ABBITT (daughter of John Abbitt); their children: Francis Marion Wosnum, b. June 1846, Fayetteville, AR, Richard, Pent, Tavener, Henry, Bill, Hugh, and Sarah Ann. Francis Marion (my grandfather) married Sara Catherine RAMSEY, and their children were: Francis Aaron, b. Nov. 29, 1874 (and was my father), Elsie, Rosey, Minnie, Dolphie. I believe that Sara Catherine Ramsey was the daughter of Elizabeth Ramsey (nee SANDERS) but this is not verified. Four of Tavener's and Sarah's sons—Francis Marion, Richard, Henry and Tavener—served in the Union army during the Civil War, and Richard. Henry, and Tavener were killed. The name spelling was changed from Wosnum to Woslum, but we don't know when.



THE OLD SOUTH SCHOOL IN FAYETTEVILLE

(Now called Jefferson School)

This picture was furnished the Society by Mrs. Ruth Liles Congour of Fort Smith. Mrs. Congour believes it is a picture of the second grade and is dated around 1900, when she was 6 years old. Her parents were married in 1884 in Fayetteville, and she has been told that her ancestors settled in Fayetteville in the early 1800s, coming by steamboat up the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers. Her great-grandfather was Dr. Joe Dunlap and his wife died in Fayetteville at age 103. There are presently living in Fayetteville members of the eighth generation of this family.

To the best of Mrs. Congour's recollection, the names of the children are as follows:

First row, l. to r.: Everett Crippin, Bert Cates, Robert Hess, Floyd Armstrong, Lincoln Rogers, Loddie Hall, Ottis Guthery (or Guthrie), Floyd —, Ray Addington, Ernest Broyles, Ernest Atha.

Second row, l. to r.: Isabella Smith, Ruth Liles (Mrs. Congour), Goldie Middleton, Lucy Taylor, Vivian Carlille, Katy Rupert, Ruby Landrau, Iva Moore (Mrs. Earl Cole), Lillian Benbrook, Dessie Smith.

Third row, l. to r.: Roland —, — —, Hershel Addington, Phelan Hennro, — —, Pat Masters, Gill —, — —, Dan Jefferies, Ora Donahue?, Orlo Parsley.

Fourth row, l. to r.: Marian Daymyer, Hazel Gonyer, Dora Donahue, Ethel Lyons, Gertrude Masters, Katy Mhoon, Orvilla Norwood, Bertha Norwood (Mrs. Bill Poore), Lola Poole, Katy Sivage (Mrs. Sam Jones), Eunice Grace, —

The teacher was Miss Kate Sapington who married Monte Rupert.

THE STOVALL FAMILY

A gathering of the descendants of Bartholomew Stovall to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the arrival of their ancestor in this country will be held August 17, 18 and 19, 1984 in Richmond and Powhatan, Virginia. Interested family members should write or call Rollo P. Stovall, 3357 Espanola Drive, Sarasota, FL 33579 - telephone (813) 924-8769.

I have noticed that ancestors seldom boast of the descendants who boast of the ancestors.

Don Marquis (Archy the Cockroach)

NICHOLAS BARTLETT PEARCE AND THE CLAMOR OF COMMANDS

by Maggie Smith

Nicholas Bartlett Pearce--soldier, merchant, postmaster, teacher, he was each of these and one of Benton County's more distinguished citizens. However, he is hard to find in the overall accounts of the War of the Rebellion. The clamor of commands in Benton County in the very early days of the war caught him up and dashed him from the heights to which he may have risen.

Pearce was born in Princeton, Caldwell County, Kentucky on July 20, 1828, the son of Allon and Mary Pearce. He graduated from Cumberland College at Williamsburg, in eastern Kentucky and entered West Point in 1845. Graduating with "highest honors" in 1850, he accepted his mlitary command in the 7th Infantry at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

In neighboring Tennessee, Nancy Kate Smith was born to Dr. John and Mary Spring Smith in 1836. Not long after this, his parents settled in Benton County, purchasing the mill site from Jonathan Blair at Osage Mills in 1839.

Osage Mills is the big spring southeast of Bentonville,which had a post office before Benton County was formed. Dr. John Smith became the new postmaster. Mary's brother, Dr. Nicholas Spring, opened the first store in the new Bentonville. It was named for his partner and himself, "Blythe & Spring".

The only daughter of Dr. John Smith and Mary, Nancy may have visited another of her uncles, Col. James Pinckney Spring and family in Fort Smith and possibly met young Lt. Pearce there. The Colonel had moved his family to Fort Smith in 1850. The Smiths of Osage Mills did business with Fort Smith delivering cured bacon, cured pork and mill products, returning across the Boston Mountains with supplies for the store. In any event, Pearce and Nannie Kate Smith were married January 25, 1855. Nicholas Bart Pearce resigned his commission with the Army and went to live at Osage Mills, assisting his father-in-law with the enterprises there. Another member of that household in both the 1850 and 1860 census lists 70 year old John Spring, Mary's father.

During the next six years Benton County, foothills of the Ozarks, marked Pearce for its own. Perhaps the rolling hills and sparkling streams reminded him of his Kentucky birthplace. In part, his adopted heritage may have come from the fact of his wife's people being instrumental in the founding of Benton County. It was in the home of Mary Spring Smith's sister, Scynthia Spring Wallace's (Mrs. George P.), that Benton County was formed September 1836. Grandfather Dr. Aaron Schoolfield (1775-1842) made his home in this household, and these families had come while the area was still Washington County.

In the turbulent years that followed, Pearce's attachment to Benton County became quite evident.

On May 15, 1861, the secession convention in Little Rock created the Military Board, consisting of the governor and two advisory board members. Duties of the Board were to raise a military force and to attend to the administrative details in connection with such action. One week later, on the 23rd of May, the convention elected James Yell of Jefferson County as major general and Nicholas Bartlett Pearce and Thomas H. Bradley as brigadier generals. Yell was to command the Arkansas forces while Bradley, who was from Crittenden County, was to command the Second or Eastern Division. The two brigadier generals were to receive $301 a month.

Pearce seems not to have been of two minds about which side of this conflict was his. His state of Kentucky had voted against both secession and abolition. But when Arkansas became the second state, following Virginia, to vote for secession, N. B. Pearce answered the call of War Governor Henry Massie Rector and hurried to Little Rock to receive his command. Then, revealing his attachment for Benton County, he hurried back, bringing with him those he recruited along the way. The 'clamor of command' did not originate with the War of Arkansas. Governor Rector's election in 1860 had begun a clamor that was far reaching in its negative aspects in the state. Governor Henry Massie Rector had been elected governor in 1860 in a surprise take-over vote when "The Family" was running Richard H. Johnson as their candidate. "The Family" consisted of Rectors, Conways, Johnsons, all kin, all running Arkansas elections since statehood.

The late Sally Rector Hain spoke of her grandfather, Governor Rector, as being one of the "The Family", but treated like an outcast stepchild by them. Governor Rector's father, Elias Rector, lived in St. Louis. In earlier days, as surveyor in Arkansas, he had land around Hot Springs, as well as elsewhere. Historian Shinn writes of him as being the wealthiest man in St. Louis. His only son, Governor Rector, is described as being a persuasive speaker, eloquent and dynamic, with cultivated manners. (Granddaughter Sally Rector Hain was born in Hot Springs in 1892. She lived in Chicago during her marriage to Viet Hain and returned to Hot Springs after the death of her husband there. She, too, was of regal bearing, delightful company, a published poet and a charming person.)

"The Family" had their way about Governor Rector; they put him out by causing him to relinquish the governorship in two years instead of the customary four for Arkansas governorships. To this day the mandate of the wartime constitution still stands, and Arkansas is among the few states that retains a two year governorship.

Governor Rector advised recruiting and General Pearce did —bringing them all back to Benton County for training. One of these recruits, Stephen T. Fair, wrote a letter to his mother: "Spavinaw, Benton County, Ark. Sept. 1861—Our part of the country has been the principal camping ground of the Arkansas and Texas volunteers. The first troops, about 600 to 800, under Brigadier General Pearce made their headquarters on Beatie's Prairie about the middle of May and their number continued to increase till in all they amounted to about 8,000 to 12,000 and were still recruiting."

THE STOUT/HANNA/WHYTE FAMILIES

BY Dan E. Westphal

During the many years the FLASHBACK has been published, the history of many of Washington County's pioneer families has been told. However, the story of early Washington County would be incomplete without more than a mention of the venerable old Stout, Hanna, and Whyte families.

I feel that by sharing the information I have compiled, I might arouse the interest of other descendants of these three families and learn more about them. The information printed here was gathered from descendants of these families, Bible records, cemetery inscriptions, county records, census records, death certificates, libraries and other sources.

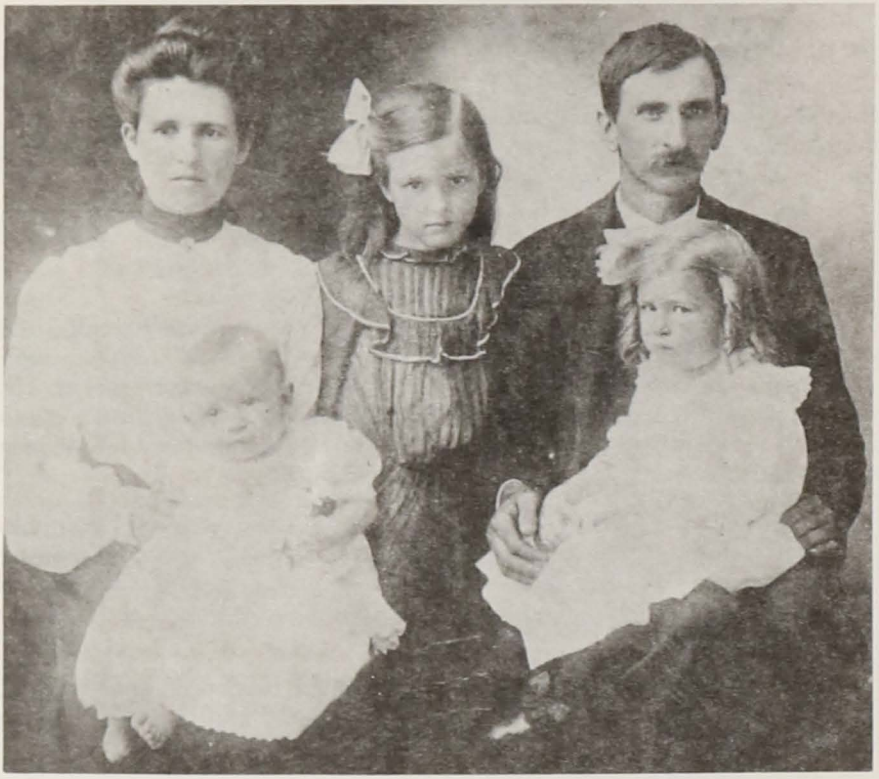
I will begin this family history with my wife's maternal grandfather's father, Benjamin Franklin Stout. He was born September 17, 1867 near Arnett, Washington County, Arkansas to Samuel and Martha (Whyte) Stout. Franklin attended the White House Church of Christ in his youth. On March 26, 1900 he was married to Kathryn Irene Bradley in Washington County. Kate was born August 16, 1880 in Randolph County, Missouri to Thomas M. (born 29 Dec. 1844, died 9 May 1923, son of Thomas S. and Bailey (Ellen) Bradley) and Sarah Elizabeth Bradley (born 23 Jan. 1847, died 16 Feb. 1901, dau. of John and Margaret Lewis). Franklin and Kate's children were Gaynold, Marzee, Era, Douglas (my wife's grandfather), Homer, Lee, Jimmie, Donald, and Vernon. Franklin and his family moved to Park Hill, Oklahama about 1914. Kate died March 30, 1939 and Franklin November 27, 1950. They are buried at Park Hill, Oklahoma.

FATHER: Samuel J. Stout was born December 20, 1838 near the Middle Fork River in Washington County, Arkansas. His parents were Jonathan and Margaret (Hanna) Stout. Samuel married Martha Whyte October 18, 1860 in Washington County. Their children are listed below:

1. Robert Columbus b. 4 October 1861 AR, d. 17 May 1931 AR m. Sarah I. Carter 9 Aug 1884 AR
2. William Henry b. 1866 AR, d. 6 Jan 1946 AR m. Ruthie L. Pierce 21 Nov 1888 AR
3. Benjamin Franklin b. 17 Sep 1867 AR, d. Nov 1950 OK m. Kathryn Irene Bradley 26 Mar 1900 AR
4. Alexander b. 21 Sep 1869 AR, d. 23 Jan 1940 AR m. Mary Merstin (sp) 25 Dec 1909 AR
5. Luke J. b. 29 Dec 1881 AR, d. 15 May 1961 AR m. Minnie Lee Webb 27 Mar 1902 AR

Samuel was a farmer according to the 1870 and 1880 censuses. He died August 12(13), 1915 near Arnett in Washington County and is buried at the White House Cemetery where Greasy Creek meets the Middle Fork River.

MOTHER: Martha Whyte was born February 13(14), 1843(46) in Arkansas to James and Nancy (Cassidy) Whyte. She married Samuel J. Stout Oc-



Front row, left, Douglas Irving Stout 1903-1977, right Era Stout
Back row, Kathryn Irene (Bradley) South 1880-1939, Marzee Stout and Benjamin Franklin Stout 1867-1950

tober 18, 1860. Martha died December 5(4), 1928 and is buried at the White House Cemetery.

PATERNAL GRANDFATHER: Jonathan Stout was born January 28, 1805 in Kentucky. His parents may have been David and Amy Stout*. Jonathan married Margaret Hanna April 28, 1825 in Floyd County, Kentucky. Their children are listed below:

1. Elizabeth b. 8 Jul 1828 IL, d. 30 Jun 1906 m. Bryant Willis Whyte 19 Jun 1854 AR
2. Cynthia b. 30 Jul 1830 IL, d. 23 Aug 1899
3. Celia b. 15 Jul 1832 IL, d. 14 Feb 1905 m. William Watts 17 Jan 1856 AR
4. Julian b. 4 Jul 1834 AR, d. 16 May 1878
5. Kesiah b. 4 Feb 1836 AR
6. Samuel J. b. 20 Dec 1838 AR, d. 12(13) Aug 1915 AR m. Martha Whyte 18 Oct 1860 AR
7. David S. b. 15 Feb 1840 AR, d. 15 FEb 1911
8. John A. b. 10 Mar 1842 AR, d. 3 Sep 1849 AR

9. William b. 8 Jan 1844 AR, d. 14 Feb. 1904 m.
Julian Mills 12 Oct 1862 AR

*But for the uncertain link to the parents of Johathan Stout, the Washington County Stout's can be traced back to John Stout and Elsabeth Bee who were married November 13, 1609 at Burton Joyce Parish in Nottinghamshire, England. Their son Richard Stout, probably Jonnathan Stout's direct ancestor, was in America as early at 1643.

10. Jeremiah Hanna b. 3 Mar 1847 AR, d. 6 Sep 1907 AR
m. Sarah E. Mersten (sp) 11 Oct 1866 AR
11. James Madison b. 15 Feb 1852 AR, d. 6 Dec 1917 m.
Tennessee *Dmanda* Carter 7 Sep 1873 AR

Johathan and Maggie moved to Vermilion County, Illinois about 1828 and to Washington County, Arkansas about 1833. In the 1840 through 1880 censuses, Jonathan was listed as a farmer and a wagon maker. His name appears on many early Washington County records as a Justice of the Peace. Jonathan died August 13, 1880 and is buried at the White House Cemetery.

PATERNAL GRANDMOTHER: Margaret Hanna was born November 21, 1810 in Kentucky to Samuel and Mary (Cassiday) Hanna. She married Jonathan Stout April 28, 1825. Maggie was a big, heavy-set woman and was of Irish descent. She died August 23, 1899 and is buried at the White House Cemetery.

MATERNAL GRANDPARENTS: James Whyte was born June 16, 1801 in Scotland or Ireland. He married Nancy Cassidy May 11, 1828. Their children are listed below:

1. Isabella b. 4 Apr 1829
2. Alexander b. 14 Apr 1831
m. Rhoda about 1849
3. Almyra Jane b. 26 Oct 1833
4. Jeremiah b. 13 Dec 1835
m. Mary Shepherd 29 Apr 1855
5. Bryant Willis b. 3 Nov 1836 AR
m. Elizabeth Stout 19 Jun 1854 AR
6. Margaret Ann b. 1 Nov 1838
7. Martha b. 13(14) Feb 1843(46) AR, d. 5(4) Dec 1928 AR
m. Samuel J. Stout 18 Oct 1860 AR

The family was in Arkansas at least as early as 1836 and was listed in the 1840 Washington County census. James died in 1842 in Washington County.

GREAT-GRANDPARENTS: Samuel Hanna (son of Ebenezer) and Mary Cassiday (dau. of William) were born and possibly married in Pennsylvania. Their children are listed below:

1. Joseph b. about 1798 KY
m. Sallie Hamilton 22 Jan 1818 KY

2. James b. 6 Dec 1799 KY, d. 1 Nov 1866 AR
   m. Mary Hamilton 11 Feb 1819 KY
3. Cynthia b. 30 Oct 1801 KY, d. 19 Nov 1862 AR
   m. David S. Williams 4 Nov 1819 KY
4. Jesse Pearce d. 20 Dec 1803 OH(?), d. 13 Jun 1883 TX
   m. Elizabeth Williams 25 Dec 1822 KY
5. Samuel b. 19 Nov 1805 OH(?)
   m. Fannie Chandler 28 Apr 1825 KY
6. Ebenezer b. 16 Sep 1808 KY
   m. Martha Hamilton KY
7. Margaret b. 21 Nov 1810 KY, d. 23 Aug 1899 AR
   m. Jonathan Stout 28 Apr 1825 KY
8. Mary b. KY
   m. Thomas Shepherd AR
9. Jeremiah Cassiday b. 24 Feb 1817 KY
   m. Mary A. Watson AR.

The family was in Kentucky (except for a few years in Ohio between 1800 and 1810) until they moved to Vermilion County, Illinois in 1828. In 1832 they moved to Benton County, Arkansas and a year later to Washington County, Arkansas. According to *Goodspeed's History of Northwest Arkansas* and a small volume entitled *The Williams and Hanna Families* by David S. Hanna, Samuel Hanna was of Irish descent and was one of the pioneer Baptist ministers in northwest Arkansas. Samuel died September 16, 1837 and his wife Mary died about 1844. They are buried at the White House Cemetery. Samuel's grave stone is among the oldest in Washington County on which the inscription is still legible.

STOUT FAMILY

I

1. Jonathan Stout, b 28 Jan 1805 KY, m 28 Apr 1825 Floyd Co. KY to Margaret Hanna, d 13 Aug 1880 Washington Co. AR.

II

2. David Stout.
3. Amy Stout.

III

4. Johnathan Stout, b 1727 Hopewell NJ, d 1798.
5. Rachel Burrows, d 1829.
6. Nehemiah Stout.
7. Rachel Stout.

IV

8. David Stout, b 1706, m 1726, d 1788.
9. Elizabeth Larrison.
12. David Stout, b 1695.
13. Ann Merrill.

14. John Stout, b 1706, m 2 Nov 1730 Hunterdon Co. NJ, d 27 July 1761.
15. Catherine Stout.

V

16. Johnathan Stout, b 1660 Gravesend Long Island, m 27 Aug 1685, d 24 Nov 1722.
17. Anna Bollen.
24. David Stout, b 1667, m 1688, bur Stout Plot Hunterdon Co. NJ (son of 32, 33).
25. Rebecca Ashton, b 1672.
28. Joseph Stout, b 25 Oct 1686 Middletown NJ, m 10 Aug 1705, d 22 Oct 1766 (son of 16, 17).
29. Ruth Brinson, d 1768.
30. Richard Stout, b 1678, m 1704, d 1749.
31. Mary Tilton, b 2 Feb 1681.

VI

32. Richard Stout, b 1615 England, m ca 1644, d 1705.
33. Penelope (Kent or Lent) van Princin, b 1622 Holland, d 1732.
58. John Brinson.
59. Frances Greenland.
60. John Stout, b 1645, m 12 Jan 1671 Middletown NJ, d 1724 (son of 32, 33).
61. Elizabeth Crawford.
62. Peter Tilton.
63. Rebecca Brazier.

VII

64. John Stout, m 13 Nov 1609 Burton Joyce Parish Nottinghamshire England.
65. Elsabeth Bee.

The following vital statistics were copied from entries in an old family Bible published by T. K. Collins, Jr. in the year 1852 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The Bible originally belonged to Jonathan Stout (1805-1880) and is currently in the possession of one of his great-granddaughters in Springdale. Special care was taken in preserving the original spelling and punctuation in order to maintain the flavor of the period and possible give an insight into the different characters of those who made the entries.

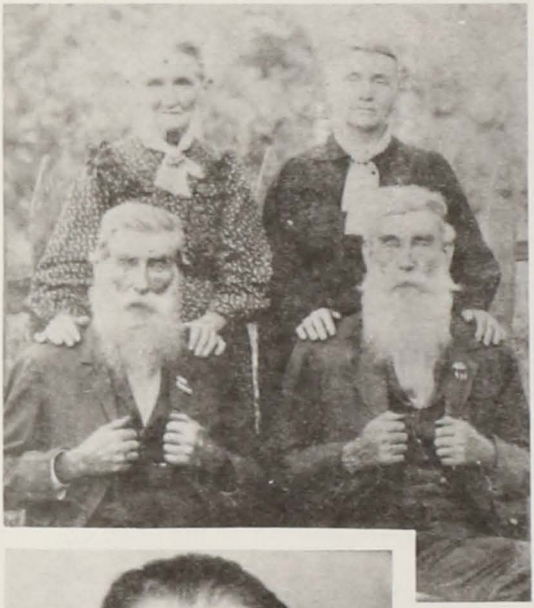
This book was bought at Boons Grove Washington County Arkansas price one dollar and fifty centes and when this you see Remember Me.

Jonathan Stout

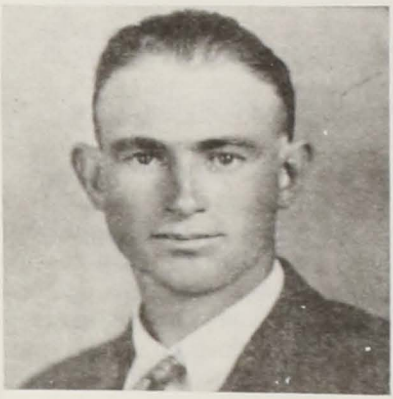
BIRTHS

James Hanna was born December-6-1799.
Synthy Hanna was Born oct 30 1801.
Jessee P. Hanna was born december 20-1803.

Jonathan Stout was born January 28-1805.
Samuel Hanna was born November 19-1805.
Ebenezer Hanna was born September-16-1808.
Margret Hanna was born November-21-1810.
J C Hanna was born Feb. 24-1817.
Elizabeth Stout was Born on the 8 day of July 1828
Syntha Stout Was Born on the 30 day of July 1830
Seley Stout Was Born on the 15 day of July 1832
Julian Stout Was Born on the 4 day of July 1834
Kisiah Stout Was Born on the 4 day of February 1836
Samuel J Stout Was Born on the 20 of December 1838
David S Stout Was Born on the 15 day of February 1840



Top left
Martha (Whyte) Stout
1843-1928
Top Right
Kesiah Stout 1836 -?
Bottom Left
Samuel Stout 1838-1915
Bottom Right
Jeremiah Stout 1847-1907



Douglas Irving Stout
1903-1977
Photo dated about 1930

Below
Margaret (Hanna) 1810-1899
Jonathan Stout 1805-1880

John A Stout Was Born on the 10 day of March 1842
William Stout Was Born on the 8 day of January 1844
Jeremiah H Stout Was Born on the 3 day of March 1847
James Stout Was Born on the 15 of February 1852
Tennessee D. Stout was born on the 23 of may 1855 at Fairest Home Cass County Texas
Robert Collumbus Stout was born on the 4th day of october AD 1861
George Washington Stout was the 26 of March, 1867
Harriet Minervy Stout was Born on the 16 day of August 1867
Mattathias Stout Was born on the 30 of August 1869
Fredie Osten Stout was born on 14 of nov. 1870
Jonathan Benjamin Stout was Borned Tueseday morning Oct 13th in 1874
1 Birth July 16th 1877
Williss Howard Stout was born on the 15 of July 1882
Elmer Stout born on the 15th of January at 2 o'clock AM 1895
Clyde Stout was born March the 16th 1896
Chester Stout was born March the 1897
Roye L Stout Born Oct. 20 1899
Millie Christeenie Stout was born Aprile the 9th 1906
Flora Clementine Stout was Born July 11th 1908.
Susan Emeline Stout was born Jan 24th 1910
Bertis R. Stout was Born Sept. 26th 1913

MARRIAGES

Jonathan Stout and Margaret Hanna was Maried on the 28 day of April 1825
Elizebeth Stout was Married on the 28 day of July 1854
Seley Stout and William Watts was maried on the 17 of January 1856
Samuel J. Stout and Martha Whyte was Married on the day of october 1860
William Stout and Julian Mills was married on the 12 day of october 1862
Jeremian H Stout and Sara E Musten was married on the 5 day of march 1866
James M Stout And Tennesse Dmanda Carter was married September 7th 1873

Preachers were often scarce in the early 19th century in the Kentucky wilderness so circuit riding evangelists often made periodic journeys to outlying areas. During their short stays they performed, in addition to services, whatever ceremonies were needed (i.e. baptisms, marriages, funerals). Sometimes multiple marriages were performed. Jonathan (1805-1880) and Ebenezer Stout were married on the same day in the same county, possibly by a circuit rider. On the basis of the information below, it has been assumed that Jonathan and Ebenezer were sons of David Stout.

OLD BETHLEHEM

By Robert G. Winn

Nobody now living knows when the original logs were raised for the building of Old Bethlehem. It could have been before the Civil War because during the time of that conflict the surrounding hills and valleys were dotted with small farms and inhabited by many more people than now live in the area. One hollow almost directly across Lee Creek on the west side from Old Bethlehem is known as U.S. Hollow because a troop of Union soldiers spent a winter beneath a bluff there in the 1860s.

Nobody else could describe any more vividly nor paint a more graphic picture of Old Bethlehem than did Mrs. Fronia Mannon Poore in an article written by her in 1976. She wrote, "I have fond memories of the little white church in the wildwood in the valley of Lee Creek about two miles northwest of Blackburn. It probably was built about 1890 because I recall my mother's saying that she took me there as an infant and placed me on a pallet in a corner during services before the building was finished. (This was the building that replaced the earlier log house. Mrs. Poore was born July 1, 1890 -d. Sept. 20, 1979).

"The first and most permanent pastor was the Rev. Malen H. Spyres (Uncle Grab). The church was Missionary Baptist, and one of the few religious organizations around at that time. Most of the neighbors attended there from the hillside homes on each side and from up and down the creek. The place is four or five miles up Lee Creek from present Devil's Den Park. The music in the church was outstanding. The Spyres family was a choir itself." Mrs. Poore recalled the fine voices of the Spyres family and how honored she herself felt when she sat at the five octave pump organ accompanying this fine group of singers who were joined by the congregation that packed the house, and how the rafters rang with the harmonious voices raised in praise of the God who was very real and near to the people of the hills in those long ago times. (Mrs. Poore played the pump organ at Old Bethlehem when she was a girl of fifteen. Just before her death in 1979, she still played the piano at the Blackburn Community church near her home.)

Religious fervor was high and the God they worshipped was almost audibly present, especially at times of revival or "protracted meetings" when many people came forward to the mourner's bench where they "prayed through" to salvation, and many were baptized in nearby Lee Creek at a place held almost as sacred as the sanctuary of the little church itself. Here beside the rock strewn stream the congregation assembled on the sloping boulders above the creek to observe the ceremony in the stream below. The rock formation gives the impression of tiered benches. Recently as I sat alone on these stones, it seemed that the rustling of the autumn leaves in the branches above my head became the beautiful hymns that were sung at those gatherings, and I could hear the voices that echoed across the valley in that long ago - voices that are now a part of that Heavenly Choir because most of those who were baptized here and those who sang beside the stream have now crossed over that River of which they sang:

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

Now the roads and trails that were so worn by the feet of devout worshippers and the wheels of wagons and hoofs of horses carrying sturdy pioneers to the meeting place are overgrown with brush and tangled briars. No longer do the voices of children on their way to church or school in the house near the creek resound. The most accessible approach to the location is via the Union Star Road, turning off at what old-timers remember as the Garland Johnson place, following this road down the mountain past what was originally the Grab Spyres' place, later occupied by his son-in-law Guy Tanner. We strongly advise against any novice starting to drive down this road

Elderly couply standing in foreground are Jake and Mindy Peters.

because before reaching the Spyres' place a locked gate bars further travel and there is almost no room to turn a car around. Beyond the Spyres' place the rough road becomes a faint trail and almost no semblance of a road remains. Before reaching the bottom of the hollow even the trail vanishes and without the direction of an experienced guide the stranger would be completely lost; it is doubtful that the location of the old building and overgrown cemetery nearby would be found.

We were nearing the bottom of the hill when Garland Johnson, my guide, informed me that we were near the place where Rich Hollow converges with the valley of Lee Creek. He pointed across the canyon to a mountaintop point of land jutting westward. This, he said, was the ridge along which the road formerly ran from Blackburn beside Highway 74 out of Winslow, to Old Bethlehem. He also pointed to the hill directly opposite and

said that Old Bethlehem had stood on a bench of land there, but because of the steep grade and overgrown condition of the hillside we would take a more circuitous route to the bottom of Rich Hollow where that stream empties into Lee Creek. We crossed the dry bed of Rich Creek and up a fairly steep cut-off trail instead of following the old road. A short distance up the hill and we were on a bench of level ground. A stranger could easily pass by without becoming aware that the moss covered stones lying in a rectangle were the remains of the foundation of Old Bethlehem Church. A closer look revealed the remains of the wire fence that had surrounded the cemetery—a place so overgrown with brambles and underbrush that most of the fieldstone markers are difficult to see. A few clumps of shrubs testify to the loving care of relatives and friends who in the past set these flowers beside the graves. Almost hidden in the wild growth, we found five marked graves. Side by side are those of Malen H. Spyres, b. Aug 27, 1848, d. July 21, 1923, and Hannah J. Spyres b. March 5, 1854, died March 28, 1917. A government marker close by indicates the resting place of a brother of Malen. It is marked: Henry Spyres-Co. G. 3 Mo. Cavalry; beside him is the grave of his wife Lucinda Spyres, b. July 23, 1840, d. April 14, 1921. A short distance away is the grave of Charlie Gordon b. Jan. 8, 1861, d. Dec. 11, 1912.

Although only a few of the people in the accompanying picture are identified, we do get from it some indication of the number of people who attended services in this now deserted spot. Mrs. Tennie Spyres Tanner, now residing in the Sunrise Manor Nursing Home in Fayetteville, dates the pictures as about 1906, when she would have been 12 years old.

The elderly couple standing in the foreground are Jake and Mindy Peters. Others identified at random are James Flynn, John Byrum, Sr., John Byrum, Jr. Phillip Spyres, Mrs. Mary Parks, Ethel Flynn, Ella Deaton, John Caviness, and his wife Sue, Bessie Farmer, Bessie Zimmerman, Ada Loftin, Iva Loftin, Nettie Spyres, Malen Spyres, Lillie Spyres, Tom Bradshaw.

In more recent years after farms along the narrow valley floor had been abandoned, the building, inaccesible over the washed out roads, was dismantled, each board numbered and hauled to a new location beside the Union Star Road on top of the mountain. Consolidation absorbed the few remaining students into the schools either of West Fork or Winslow. Church services were held at the new location for a short time, but the spirit of Old Bethlehem was never recaptured. Now the house stands vacant and left to the elements.

Union Star Road turns left off Highway 170, Devil's Den Road south of West Fork; it crosses the head of Lee Creek and joins Highway 74, the Devil's Den Road out of Winslow a short distance east of Blackburn Community Church in southwest Washington County.

WHEN THE DEW HAD DRIED...

by Verna M. Ashley
(Dedicated to brother E. S. (Joe) Hicks)

"When the dew had dried they hitched the team to the wagon and moved onward." This statement applied to out ancestors for nearly 200 years, as they attempted to better their circumstances. One can but wonder why they chose as they did and what had preceded those choices.

"I find that there is one more heir or distributie of said estate (Johannes Michael Franciscus born 1765 in Pensylvania died ca 1848 Meigs County, TN), John Francisco, late of the State of Arkansas, now deceased, whose heirs and representatives are entitled to the sum of $15, but they being so remote from here, he has not been able to get their receipt, as yet, and desires the court to order that when the receipt is forwarded it be made a part of the settlement which will leave the Executor (George Francisco born 1799 in Tennessee), $17.25. He, (George) is satisfied with this as his share.) The estate was settled in Meigs County, Tennessee in 1853.

Thus begins the story of the Francisco family who arrived in Prairie township, Washington County, AR between 1845 and 1847. John Francisco born 1801 and his son William born 1827 are buried in Gehrings Chapel Cemetery, Fayetteville, AR, both their stones bearing the same year of death--1849. Their tombstones were of sandstone and time and weather have badly worn them.

From the "orphans' papers" for John and Sarah Francisco's family, we learn that she may have been the sister of Wiley B. Howell as he was witness for John's brother William when William received land from their father, Johannes Michael in 1836. Other possible relatives from those papers were: Henry Gregg, John Kennon, and William C. Roberts. Presley R. Smith's name appears in these papers; Smith was the County Clerk off and on for a period of 20 years.

The father of Johannes Michael Franciscus (John M. Francisco of Hawkins and Meigs County, TN) was Michael Franciscus, who left Pennsylvania and lived in Virginia until 1788 when he removed to Kentucky. Another son, George Franciscoe, was born 1773 in Virginia. John M. and George married sisters, daughters of Mordecai and Elizabeth Haigood. Mordecai died in 1806 in Hawkins County, TN. George and Diannah Franciscoe went to live in Montgomery County, TN on McAdoo Creek. Their oldest daughter, Elizabeth, born 1801, married her widowed neighbor, Peter Rudolph, born 1701 in North Carolina, on February 24, 1824. Elizabeth was recorded in an old family Bible as Elizabeth "Ciscoe". Peter Rudolph had four children by his first marriage. We do not know why this family chose the "coe" ending for their names, nor why Elizabeth was recorded as "Ciscoe". It has caused many errors.

The family of George Franciscoe moved into Benton County, TN, taking Indian lands when they were made available in 1843. He and Diannah were alive in the 1850 Benton County census. Living nearby was their son,

George, and his nephew, George F. L. Rudolph, born 1825, his brother Andrew Rudolph giving their occupations as blacksmiths.

The family of George and Diannah were closely associated. Their oldest son John Francisco, born 1802, was a gunsmith. His sister, Sarah Edlin, was married to a shoemaker known for his high-top boots. George F. L. Rudolph appears to have learned both these skills. In 1870, when he first appears in Washington County, AR in Fayetteville, he gives his occupation as gunsmith; in 1880 he was a boot and shoe dealer. From the family Bible we learn that he married A. V. Covington. She may have died, as their oldest child, A. A. Rudolph, was living with her grandmother, Elizabeth Franciscoe Rudolph, in Clarksville, TN. In 1880, Francis was his wife and she was born 1839 in Alabama. Their oldest, B. A. (Burtis) Rudolph was born in Arkansas in 1862; he married Emma, born 1869 in Kansas. Their known children were: Jake, 1889; Grace, 1891; Freda, 1893; Ione, 1898. These are the other children of Francis and George F. L. Rudolph: E. W. (Emmett), 1870; F. W. (Frank?, 1872; Pareppa, daughter, 1874; Minta C. (Myrtle), 1876; George H., 1879; and Berna, 1882. George F. L. Rudolph died March 27, 1916. From the 1900 census we learn that he and his son Burtis were fruit growers. From FLASHBACK of February 1984: "Because of railroad, there was an active fruit and raiload-tie shipping business. Peaches, apples, dried apples and strawberries were loaded on the trains in large numbers and mail exchanged. *Burtis Adolphus Rudolph* (whose large home was torn down on the University of Arkansas Agricultural Experimental Farm just a few years ago) had two hundred acres of strawberries at Litteral-Wheeler and built the first canning factory there. He also had factories at Robinson, Savoy and Fayetteville. Mr. Rudolph also built a sweet potato storage building beside the railroad tracks on North Street in Fayetteville. The name Litteral Canning could still be read on it recently, beside the Ranco Building Supply. Later on, Arthur Hodgson built another canning factory at Wheeler."

The Billingsley family left South Carolina, went by way of Guilford County Courthouse, North Carolina, through Logan County, Kentucky, and were in Washington County before Arkansas was a state. Melinda Francisco, daughter of John and Sarah Francisco, married Burrow Billingsley in December of 1845. Melinda died March 27, 1869. She is buried in Son's Chapel Cemetery, Fayetteville. Burrow and Melinda were parents of two sons and two daughters. It is thought that he remarried Lavina Cullander, a widow from Illinois.

Their second son (John and Sarah Francisco's?) born 1829, Hawkins County, TN married a widow, Mary Ann Gibson Woolsey, born 1820 in Alabama. James fought and died in the Civil War. In 1899, when Mary Ann's will was made, she gave very careful directions as she had "orphans' papers" for two families from their father's estates. Their first child, Amanda Francisco, born October 4, 1860, married John Solomon Bookout. Her sister, Mary S. Francisco, born 1862, was a school teacher and married Thomas Chambers. There are many descendants living in Washington County today.

George Francisco, born 1834, married Evaline Skaggs and moved to McDonald County, MO. They had a large family which they raised on a farm. In 1910 they stated they had been married 50 years. One son had moved to Delaware County, OK.

Francis Marion Francisco, born 1839 in TN, marrried Ann Eliza Rulens (Rawlins? Ruhlens?). Only a broken stone at Gehrings Chapel marks her life. It is thought that she may have died in childbirth or shortly thereafter. In 1860, Matilda Francisco, born 1854, lived with Francis Marion and his mother Sarah; and John Francisco, born 1854, lived with James and Nancy Rulens and family.

Thomas A. Francisco, born 1842 or 1844, married Margaret West, born 1849 in Texas, thought to be a daughter of Jonathan West. Thomas Francisco had known nothing but death of family members since 1849. Many men deserted during the Civil War and it was generally thought, in those times, that it was not a disgraceful thing to do. It seems to have been a time when people were largely influenced to do what the individual conscience dictated. Thomas and Margaret were married January 3, 1867. Into 1870 they were living in White River Township, Washington County, AR, a few doors from my great-great-grandfather, Elijah Hicks, born 1790 in Virginia. They had one child in 1870. In 1880 Margaret Francisco was in the Washington County Poorhouse, with a son age 3 and one age one. She was blind. Thomas may have been living in Missouri with a second wife. In 1900, Margaret lived in Hopkins County, Texas with Louisa Flowers born 1858 in Alabama. Tom was living in Belton, Texas in 1910 with some of the sons near him; and Margaret was still living with Louisa Flowers with some of the sons living near her.

Rufus Francisco, born 1843 in TN, married Martha James on December 2, 1866. He went with his brother George to McDonald County, Mo where he also farmed.

Sarah Francisco, born 1846 in AR, married John Bety (Beatty) in September 1867. She did not sign the papers to sell Sarah Francisco's land on December 23, 1867.

From these land sale papers, we conclude that Sarah Francisco, born 1808 in Tennessee, may have died. She had had twenty loss-filled years.

Elijah Hicks was born 1790 in Virginia. He married Elizabeth, born 1800 in VA. They were parents of at least 13 children. Although the census records tell us that these children were born in Virginia and North Carolina, there are no records or marriage licenses to reveal which counties they lived in. The place of residence during the war years is not known. In 1850 they were residing in Murray County, Georgia. Living near them were their newly-married sons and daughters, and several older persons who have been researched in hope of finding Elizabeth's maiden name. At this time, the McCluskey family has been eliminated, but the Vernons, Lowreys, Shropshires, Marrs and Lees remain possibilities.

Living in the same county was Benjamin Francisco, born 1806 in TN. From a printed history (1888) we learn that he married Mary E. Cassel (Cassle), born the same year and state. This family seems to have been more

closely allied wth the Kentucky-Pennsylvania branch of the Francisco family. In September of 1847, my great-grandmother, Nancy Mary Francisco, born 1829 in TN, married James M. Hicks, son of Elijah and Elizabeth Hicks. From the births of their children we learn that Nancy Mary and James M. removed to Johnson County, AR before 1852. He appears to have been associated with Sarah Shropshire, widow of Hudson Shropshire of Dickson County, TN. They had by 1860 six children. Their third child and son was James M. Hicks born September 5, 1852, Johnson County, Pittsburg township, AR. He was married in 1880 in Logan County, AR, lived in Montgomery County, AR until his death in 1914, when he was buried in Dailey Cemetery, Garland County, AR. My father, James McKinley Hicks, born May 29, 1903, Montgomery County, AR, died March 17, 1975, buried Byers, Arapahoe County, Colorado. James M. Hicks, born 1827, was not with his family in 1870 in Short Mountain township, Franklin County, AR. There are no further records of Nancy Mary Francisco Hicks and the four youngest children after that census.

Benjamin Francisco and Mary Cassel left Murray County, Georgia, and went by way of Hawkins County, thence to Strasburg, MO, where several of Mary's family lived and many cousins from the Pennsylvania/Kentucky Francisco family lived. Their daughter, Forintha Jane Huff, and son, James Jasper, born 1843 and 1846 respectively, are buried Reed Cemetery, Strasburg, MO. The cemetery has no public access and is in such disrepair that many of the tombstones have toppled and are buried. In 1983, James' and his first wife's and two sons' were toppled. It is thought that Benjamin, who died after 1870, and Mary, who died after 1860, are buried there. The only surviving son was Emmett Francisco, a pharmacist. James Jasper was a banker and real estate person.

Elizabeth and Elijah Hick's oldest daughter was Isabella Harris, born 1819 in VA, wife of Charles Harris, born 1817 in NC, possibly the son of Malon Harris, born 1797 in VA, who lived on Brush Creek in 1850. Charles and Isabella lived McMinn County, TN in 1850. In 1860 they were in White River township, Ar. Charles Harris died before 1866 when Isabella remarried. J. J. Payne, who gave his age as 84 years. However, the census shows that he was born in 1817. William L. Moloy, minister of the Methodist Church Episcopal, performed the ceremony. Isabella, in the combined Harris-Payne families, produced almost the number of children of her father and mother. Children of Isabella and Charles Harris were: Samuel Harris, 1841 TN, married Mary; Milton Harris, 1846 TN, married Sarah M.; Robert J. Harris, married Jerusha Vansant, April 4, 1869, R. A. Rutherford, J.P.

Margaret I. Hicks, born 1831 in NC, is thought to have married Robert (Ware, Weare). He and his first wife lived in Murray County, GA. They lived in Franklin County, AR in 1880, next door to a son of James M. and Nancy Mary Francisco Hicks.

Amanda Hicks, born 1833 in NC, married Wiley Barnes, born 1830 in TN. This is the best-documented Hicks family in Washington County. Wiley was a brickmason. His father and brothers apparently traveled around the country. Wiley and his brother Jason lived in Claiborn County, TN in 1850,

but he and Amanda married September 18, 1851 by S. C. Quilliam, M. G. in Murray County, GA. Wiley Barnes' will was dated January 9, 1905 and was witnessed by H. F. Head and J. L. McConnell. Their only living child was Edna E. Barnes, born 1864, married Robert Scott, son of R. A. Scott, born 1819 in TN. Robert and Edna were married October 12, 1881; they gave their address as Carter's Store. W. H. Kennedy, M. G., performed the ceremony. Their children: Gertie Scott, 1882; Ida B., 1884; Robert Burton Scott, ca 1884, he was 19 years old when he married Viola Woodruff of Sulphur City, AR, May 23, 1905, ceremony performed by J. L. McConnell, J. P; Ora B. Scott, 1887; Flora E. Scott, 1896, at home in 1910 when they lived on South College Avenue in Fayetteville.

Augustan (A. V.) Hicks, born 1837 in NC, married Lavina Jones, born 1840 in TN, daughter of Riley Jones, born 1806, and Nancy, born 1806 in TN. Riley Jones was a farmer and minister of the Missionary Baptist Church. They lived at Carter's Store. The known children of Lavina and Augustan Hicks were: (1) Benjamin F. Hicks, born 1866, married Maggie, born 1877. In 1910 they lived White River township, where the family arrived in 1860. Living with them was his mother, Lavina Jones Hicks. Maggie stated she had never had children. (2) William (W. D.) Hicks, born January 1870, was married February 3, 1895 to Mary A. Gipson of Armington, AR. She was born January 1874. His age was 25, hers 20.

George Caleb Hicks, born 1829 in NC, married Martha King in Gilmer County, GA. He was a wagoner in 1850. In 1860 he and Martha were living near Nancy Mary and James M. Hicks in Johnson County, A. He then went to Franklin County, Texas. He remarried and had a large family, then went to Atoka and Garvin Counties in Oklahoma. He is thought to have married at least three times. George Cicero, born June 11, 1854, Gilmer County, GA married Survella Tennessee Webb on February 14, 1886. They bought a farm in Yantis County, Texas in 1902. "Tenny" Webb Hicks was the daughter of John Wesley Webb and Mary Elzone.

Three sons of Elijah and Elizabeth are known but not accounted for: William H., born 1824 in NC, was in Murray County, Georgia in 1860; Edwin P. Hicks, born 1835 in NC; and Albert M. Hicks, born 1840. They may have served in the Civil War.

Samuel (A. J.) Hicks, born 1824 in NC, and his sister Sarah A., born 1841 in VA, lived with their father in White River township, Washington County from 1870 until after 1880, when Elijah was alive and 90 years old. Was he a contemporary of Peter Mankins who lived down the road? In 1900 Sarah Hicks was living with her sister, Edna Barnes. A. V. Hicks had apparently died.

The youngest Hicks daughter, Elizabeth, born 1849 in VA, married Wiley Tombs (Timbs), son of John Tombs, born 1825 in SC. In 1910 "Bee" Tombs had been married 35 years and they lived in Elm Springs, AR. They had no children. Their marriage license shows July 30, 1878, Book E, page 286.

Note: The research of the Cherokee families does not indicate that Elijah Hicks was related to Elijah Hicks, the Cherokee Indian chief, born 1797

QUERIES

Terri Brown, 2905 Eastway, Redding, CA 96002 is interested in corresponding with anyone who knew or knows of the following surnames: CHANDLER, ROSE, PRINE, PARR, JONES and HULTY (HAULTEY) from Washington County, AR.

Jack A. Sallee, 9112 Dailey Drive, Little Rock, AR 72209 is searching for the parents of Len (Lin) CLINE, my great-grandfather, who was born September 9, 1876 in Fayetteville and died Dec. 30, 1934 in Dyer (Crawford County). He was survived by seven brothers and five sisters, but no names were given in his obituary. There is a Garland Cline, son of Thomas and Margaret, in the 1880 census who is the right age but I would like confirmation from some other source. Len's wife was Carrie Fears GOLLIHER, and my grandmother, Margaret Cline (died 1972), married first Albert SALLEE, then Jay JEREMIAH, and lived in Van Buren. If you have information, please write.

Jerry V. Collins, Bread Spring School, Box 1117, Gallup, NM 87301 would like to exchange family information on Martin and Charity COLLINS who were listed in the 1860-1870 census of Washington County, AR.

Dorothea Martin, 2416 N. W. 38, Oklahoma City, OK 73112 needs information on Wyly P. (Perry) WRIGHT and his wife Savanna (Anna), maiden name unknown. Wyly P. Wright is buried at the Oak Grove Cemetery in Adair County, OK near Stilwell. His stone simply states "native of Tennessee, age 60 years". Their dates of birth and death unknown. Savanna's place of death is unknown. Their children were: Wyly, b. ?, d. ?; Tom, b. ? d. ? (they disappeared in the early 1900s and were never heard of again); William (Will), b. Jan. 1862 TN, died ?, married Dora --- ca 1883; Joseph Gideon (Gib), b. 17 March 1864 Jamson Creek, TX, d. 25 Dec. 1934 Sequoyah County, OK, married Mattie RAINBOLT; John Franklin (Frank), b. 5 Jan. 1853 TN, d. 27 Feb. 1936 Geary, OK, married Elizabeth (Lizzie) BYERS, daughter of George and Lydia Owen Byers from around Evansville, AR; Victoria Texas, b. 6 Mar. 1855 Ellis County, TX, died 1943 Ardmore, OK, married (1) Joseph Mark BEAN 1871 at Pea Ridge, m. (2) J. A. Benge.

Patsy McGowen, Route 1, Box 650, Broken Bow, OK 74728 is very much interesed in finding something on her husband's great-grandfather who died in Fayetteville, Arkansas in 1862. His name was Presley Marion CRADDOCK (CRADDUCK).

Confederate soldier John H. Kirk enlisted in the Confederate Army and served as QM Sgt. from September 12 to October 31, 1861 with the 24th Regiment, Tennessee Infantry. He was discharged on November 16, 1861, at the age of 37 and according to records was paid as a private to the time of discharge.

John Kirk was born January 6, 1834 and died January 28, 1900. On September 1, 1859 he married Nancy Jane Plumblee who was born July 23, 1838 and died March 26, 1917.

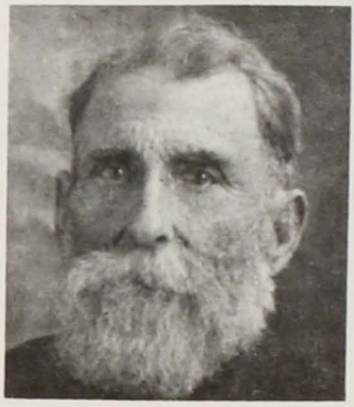
About 11 years later, his brother Dennis Carrol Kirk, came from Jackson County, Tennessee and homesteaded land in Summers, Arkansas on or about September 6, 1868. Dennis Carrol was born July 10, 1850 and died March 7, 1890. In 1873 or 1874 he married Nancy Catherine Moore, born March 26, 1855, died May 3, 1937.

There were two other Kirk brothers, Stephen S. and George, who were twins. Stephen also served in the Civil War. Both Stephen and George remained n Jackson County, Tennessee.

John H. Kirk was my great-grandfather and I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has information on the Kirk family.

Clara Risley, Route 1, Box 177A, Lincoln, AR 72744.

John H. Kirk



John J. Kirk and Nancy Jane (Plumblee) Kirk

Stephen S. Kirk

THE HOLY TERROR

From Bill Nye's Remarks published 1891

HILE IN NEW ENGLAND trying in my poor, weak way to represent the "rowdy west," I met a sad young man who asked me if I lived in Chi-eene. I told him that if he referred to Cheyenne, I had been there off and on a good deal.

He said he was there not long ago, but did not remain. He bought some clothes in Chicago, so that he could appear in Chi-eene as a "holy terror" when he landed there, and thus in a whole town of "holy terrors" he would not attract attention.

I am not, said he, by birth or instinct, a holy terror, but I thought I would like to try it a little while, anyhow. I got one of those Chicago sombreros with a gilt fried cake twisted around it for a band. Then I got a yellow silk handkerchief on the ten cent counter to tie around my neck. Then I got a suit of smoke-tanned buckskin clothes and a pair of moccasins. I had never seen a bad, bad man from Chi-eene, but I had seen pictures of them and they all wore moccasins. The money that I had left I put into a large revolver and a butcher knife with a red Morocco sheath to it. The revolver was too heavy for me to hold in one hand and shoot, but by resting it on a fence I could kill a cow easy enough if she wasn't too blamed restless.

I went out to the stock yards in Chicago one afternoon and practiced with my revolver. One of my thumbs is out there at the stock yards now.

At Omaha I put on my new suit and sent my human clothes home to my father. He told me when I came away that when I got out to Wyoming, probably I wouldn't want to attract attention by wearing clothes, and so I could send my clothes back to him and he would be glad to have them.

At Sidney I put on my revolver and went into the eating house to get my dinner. A tall man met me at the door and threw me about forty feet in an oblique manner. I asked him if he meant anything personal by that and he said not at all, not at all. I then asked him if he would not allow me to eat my dinner and he said that depended on what I wanted for my dinner. If I would lay down my arms and come back to the reservation and remain neutral to the Government and eat cooked food, it would be all right, but if I insisted on eating raw dining-room girls and scalloped young ladies, he would bar me out

We landed at Chi-eene in the evening. They had hacks and 'busses and carriages till you couldn't rest, all standing there at the depot, and a large colored man in a loud tone of voice remarked: "INTEROCEAN HO-tel!!!!"

I went there myself, It had doors and windows to it, and carpets and gas. The young man who showed me to my room was very polite to me. He seemed to want to get acquainted. He said:

"You are from New Hampshire, are you not?"

I told him not to give it away, but I was from New Hampshire. Then I asked him how he knew.

He said that several New Hampshire people had been out there that summer, and they had worn the same style of revolver and generally had one thumb done up in a rag. Then he said that if I came from New Hampshire he would show me how to turn off the gas.

He also took my revolver down to the office with him and put it in the safe, because he said someone might get into my room in the night and kill me with it if he left it here. He was a perfect gentleman.

They have a big opera house there in Chi-eene, and while I was there they had the Eyetalian opera singers, Patty and Nevady there. The streets were lit up with electricity, and people seemed to kind of politely look down on me, I thought. Still, they acted as if they tried not to notice my clothes and dime museum hat.

They seemed to look at me as if I wasn't to blame for it, and as if they felt sorry for me. If I'd had my United States clothes with me, I could have had a good deal of fun in Chi-eene, going to the opera and the lectures, and concerts, et cetera. But finally I decided to return, so I wrote to my parents how I had been knocked down and garroted, and left for dead with one thumb shot off, and they gladly sent the money to pay funeral expenses.

With this I got a cut-rate ticket home and surprised and horrified my parents by dropping in on them one morning just after prayers. I tried to get there prior to prayers, but was side-tracked by my father's new anti-tramp bull dog.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

PROBABLY FEW PEOPLE have been more successful in the discovering line than Christopher Columbus. Living as he did in a day when a great many things were still in an undiscovered state, the horizon was filled with golden opportunities for a man possessed of Mr. C.'s pluck and ambition. His life at first was filled with rebuffs and disappointments, but at last he grew to be a man of importance in his own profession, and the people who wanted anything discovered would always bring it to him rather than take it elsewhere.

And yet the life of Columbus was a stormy one. Though he discovered a continent wherein a millionaire attracts no attention, he himself was very poor.

Though he rescued from barbarism a broad and beautiful land in whose metropolis the theft of less than half a million of dollars is regarded as petty larceny, Chris himself often went to bed hungry. Is it not singular that the gray-eyed and gentle Columbus should have added a hemisphere to the history of our globe, a hemisphere, too, where pie is a common thing, not only on Sunday, but throughout the week, and yet that he should have gone down to his grave pieless!

Such is the history of progress in all ages and in all lines of thought and investigation. Such is the meagre reward of the pioneer in new fields of action.

I presume that American to-day has a larger pie area than any other land in which the Cockney English language is spoken. Right here where millions

of native born Americans dwell, many of whom are ashamed of the fact that they were born here and which shame is entirely mutual between the Goddess of Liberty and themselves, we have a style of pie that no other land can boast of.

From the bleak and acid dried apple pie of Maine to the irrigated mince pie of the blue Pacific, all along down the long line of igneous, volcanic and stratified pie, America, the land of the freedom bird with the high instep to his nose, leads the world.

Other lands may point with undissembled pride to their polygamy and their cholera, but we reck not. Our polygamy here is still in its infancy and our leprosy has had the disadvantage of a cold, backward spring, but look at our pie.

Throughout a long and disastrous war, sometimes referred to as a fratricidal war, during which this fair land was drenched in blood, and also during which aforesaid was numerous frightful blunders were made which are fast coming to the surface — through the courtesy of participants in said war who have patiently waited for those who blundered to die off, and now admit that said participants who are dead did blunder exceedingly throughout all this long and deadly struggle for the supremacy of liberty and right — as I was about to say when my mind began to wobble, the American pie has shown forth resplendent in the full glare of a noonday sun or beneath the pale-green of the electric light, and she stand forth proudly to-day with her undying loyalty to dyspersia untrammeled and her deep and deadly gastric antipathy still fiercely burning in her breast.

That is the proud history of American pie. Powers, principalities, kingdoms and hand-made dynasties may crumble, but the republican form of pie does not crumble. Tyranny may totter on its throne, but the American pie does not totter. Not a tot. No foreign threat has ever been able to make our common chicken pie quail. I do not say this because it is smart; I simply say it to fill up.

But would it not do Columbus good to come among us to-day and look over our free institutions? Would it not please him to ride over this continent which has been rescued by his presence of mind from the thraldom of barbarism and forked over to the genial and refining influences of prohibition and pie?

America fills no mean niche in the great history of nations, and if you listen carefully for a few moments you will hear some American, with his mouth full of pie, make that remark. The American is always frank and perfectly free to state that no other country can approach this one. We allow no little two-for-a-quarter monarchy to excel us in the size of our failures or in the calm and self-poised deliberation with which we erect a monument to the glory of a worthy citizen who is dead, and therefore politically useless.

The careless student of the career of Columbus will find much in these times that he has not yet seen. He will realize when he comes to read this little sketch the pains and the trouble and the research necessary before such an article on the life and work of Columbus could be written, and he will thank me for it; but it is not for that that I have done it. It is a pleasure for me

to hunt up and arrange historical and biographical data in a pleasing form for the student and savant. I am only too glad to please and gratify the student and the savant. I was that way myself once and I know how to sympathize with them.

P.S. — I neglected to state that Columbus was a married man. Still he did not murmur or repine.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PAPER-HANGER

IT WOULD PLEASE ME VERY MUCH, at no distant day, to issue a small book filled with choice recipes and directions for making home happy. I have accumulated an immense assortment of these things, all of general use and all excellent in their way, because they have been printed in papers all over the country — papers that would not be wrong. Some of these recipes I have tried.

I have tried the recipe for paste and directions for applying wall paper, as published recently in an agricultural paper to which I had become very much attached.

This recipe had all the characteristics of an ingenuous and honest document. I cut it out of the paper and filed it away where I came very near not finding it again. But I was unfortunate enough to find it after a long search.

The scheme was to prepare a flour paste that would hold forever, and at the same time make the paper look smooth and neat to the casual observer. It consisted of so many parts flour, so many parts hot water and so many parts common glue. First, the walls were to be sized, however. I took a common tape measure and sized the walls.

Then I put a dishpan on the cook stove, poured in the flour, boiling water and glue. This rapidly produced a dark brown mess of dough, to which I was obliged to add more hot water. It looked extremely repulsive to me, but it looked a good deal better than it smelled.

I did not have much faith in it, but I thought I would try it. I put some of it on a long strip of wall paper and got up on a chair to apply it. In the excitement of trying to stick it on the wall as nearly perpendicular as possible, I lost my balance while still holding the paper and fell in such a manner as to wrap four yards of bronze paper and common flour paste around my wife's head, with the exception of about four feet of the paper which I applied to an oil painting of a Gordon Setter in a gilt frame.

I decline to detail the dialogue which then took place between my wife and myself. Whatever claim the public may have on me, it has no right to demand this. It will continue to remain sacred. That is, not so very sacred of course, if I remember my exact language at the time, but sacredly secret from the prying eyes of the public.

It is singular, but it is none the less the never dying truth, that the only time that paste ever stuck anything at all, was when I applied it to my wife and

that picture. After that it did everything but adhere. It gourmed and it gummed everything, but that was all.

The man who wrote the recipe may have been stuck on it, but nothing else ever was.

Finally a friend came along who helped me pick the paper off the dog and soothe my wife. He said that what this paste needed was more glue and a quart of molasses. I added these ingredients, and constructed a quart of chemical molasses which looked like crude ginger bread in a molten state.

Then, with the aid of my friend, I proceeded to paper the room. The paper would seem to adhere at times, and then it would refrain from adhering. This was annoying, but we succeeded in applying the paper to the walls in a way that showed we were perfectly sincere about it. We didn't seek to mislead anybody or cover up anything. Any one could see where each roll of paper tried to be amicable with its neighbor — also where we had tried the laying on of hands in applying the paper.

We got all the paper on in good shape — also the bronze. But they were in different places. The paper was on the walls, but the bronze was mostly on our clothes and on our hands. I was very tired when I got through, and I went to bed early, hoping to get much needed rest. In the morning, when I felt fresh and rested, I thought that the paper would look better to me.

There is where I fooled myself. It did not look better to me. It looked worse.

All night long I could occasionally hear something crack like a Fourth of July. I did not know at the time what it was, but in the morning I discovered.

It seems that, during the night, that paper had wrinkled itself up like the skin on the neck of a pioneer hen after death. It had pried itself together with so much zeal that the room was six incher smaller each way and the carpet didn't fit.

There is only one way to insure success in the publication of recipes. They must be tried by the editor himself before they are printed. If you have a good recipe for paste, you must try it before you print it. If you have a good remedy for botts, you must get a botty horse somewhere and try the remedy before you submit it. If you think of publishing the antidote for a certain poison, you should poison some one and try the antidote on him, in order to test it, before you bamboozle readers of your paper.

This, of course, will add a good deal of extra work for the editor, but editors need more work. All they do now is to have fun with each other, draw their princely salaries, and speak sarcastically of the young poet who sings,

"You have came far o'er the sea,
And I've went away from thee."

A POET IN THE SCHOOLHOUSE

by Robert L. Morris

What can one do with a poet in the schoolhouse? The question can be answered in words of one syllable: Shoot him or teach him. Acting on either answer, one rids oneself of the poet.

The particular poet in question is John Gould Fletcher, who was artist in residence on the Fayetteville Campus of the University of Arkansas in the late 1940s.

Before Fletcher was invited to Fayetteville, he had gained international renown as a poet more or less affiliated with the revolutionary movement in Anglo-American literature known as *Imagism*. *Imagism* was inspired and directed by the expatriate American Ezra Pound in the early years of this century. The movement included such figures as the Americans Amy Lowell, Hilda Doolittle, Robert Frost (briefly) and Fletcher, and in England Richard Aldington, F.S. Flint, D.H. Lawrence (briefly) Rupert Brooke, and Wilfred Owen.

Having spent several years at Harvard as a student, Fletcher then moved to England, where he embraced the new principles of literature that were being imported from the symbolists in France. With such books as *Irradiations—Sand and Spray* (1915) and *Goblins and Pagodas* (1916) Fletcher established himself as one of the leading *Imagists* on both sides of the Atlantic.

What gave Fletcher's early poetry its originality, at least for Americans, was its absence of direct emotionalism, its firm control of free verse, and its exoticism. This technique is bound to have a limited range, and by the middle 1920s Fletcher divorced himself from *Imagism*, preferring emotional subjects with surprising candor in such works as *The Tree of Life, Parables,* and *Branches of Adam*. Though less arresting than the early volumes, these books reveal a depth of feeling and a quasi-mystical quality that would dominate the poet's work for the rest of his life.

Having grown weary of Europe and its "advanced" culture, Fletcher returned to Arkansas, where he was born in Little Rock, 1886, and where he died in 1950. It was in the depths of the Great Depression that Fletcher and his wife, Charley May, chose to become "pioneers" in the Arkansas "back country." Here they sought to discover their origins, to "put down their roots." Here it must be known that although something of a modern pioneer, Fletcher excelled as a translator from the French, and toward the end of his career, as a social critic, notably for his *Two Frontiers*, a study of the USSR and the US, and for *Arkansas*, an appreciative but critical summary of his native state.. Nor would he give up poetry, for during the twenty years of residence in Arkansas he published notably *South Star*, a long poetic meditation on his homeland, its history, legends, heroic past. In 1939 he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

It was through the efforts of A.H. Carter that Fletcher was invited to be "artist in residence" at the University of Arkansas. Carter, then chairman of

the English Department, was an individual of immense learning in the humanities, who saw their potential for creating a humane culture in the disordered modern world. It was his role to see the need for an infiltration, however small, of the arts and humanities on an isolated campus that was all but closed to any fresh currents of culture and imaginative venture.

Carter had early in his studies at the University of Chicago become acquainted with Fletcher's work. When he learned that the poet was then living in Arkansas, and not only that, that he was a native son, Carter boldly invited him to be the guest of the campus high in the picturesque Ozarks — a site that Fletcher hardly knew existed. Fletcher readily embraced the opportunity, Carter managing a small stipend for support of the writer. Carter welcomed him with open arms, and saw in the poet's presence a new day dawning for the young of Arkansas.

To say that the poet in the schoolhouse high on one of the western hills of Fayetteville was a success is to exaggerate shamefully.. Also, to say that the experiment was a failure is not to be allowed. Carter tried to make things easy for Fletcher, providing him and his wife with an apartment near the campus, and establishing his "discovery" in one of those tall bare rooms in the Old Main. Here the poet was to come two afternoons of each week; here he was supposed to listen to the questions and problems of aspiring artists and writers. He was also expected to talk infrequently to the literature and art classes. Both ventures were dismal.

Poor Carter was driven to encourage students, almost twisting their arms. He'd say, "Go in and talk to him. Just think! He's a real live poet." The plea seemed to fall on deaf ears. To the wild-eyed or smirking students, a poet is some angelic thing, a being in a far-off never-never land. Those few hardy souls who went, went under duress, and would leave a lecture they neither could nor cared to understand. Even those few hardy souls who faced the "presence" came away appalled by the great man's diatribes and generalizations. Needless to say, the few serious students who came to him, came away inspired and refreshed by his being.

One afternoon when he was sitting alone in that enormous room, I as staff member, found the time to go in to him. I sat opposite him while he stared profoundly at me. I waited. I waited. At last he said, "You like Tom Eliot, do you?" (It's certain that Carter had briefed him on my fascination with the Anglo-American poet. The poet always referred to T.S. Eliot whom he had known briefly in England as "Tom." It put him on a certain level.) I said that yes I found Eliot's work proximate to the turbulent time we live in. He crossed his legs, looked out the dusty window, took out a cigarette, lighted it, smoked, and flicked ash on the wooden floor of Old Main.. The interview finally did get going, and his recollections became rich in personal anecdote and critical asides. I enjoyed the hour immensely.

He could be as kind and understanding as the best-loved of professors. But he was caviar to the undergraduates, and even the graduates. They could not "get with" his rambling observations, his random attacks on poor artist and the business establishment, his unremitting attacks on injustice, his intractable attitude toward entrenched power.

His infrequent art lectures sometimes degenerated into circus sideshows. On one occasion an art professor in the class where Fletcher was lecturing dared to contradict the poet's statements about a late nineteenth-century American painter. Fletcher's face flushed, he thumped the table in front of him, and declared the professor to be no better than an ass. The class began to titter, pandemonium soon broke out, and only the good professor was able to restore order.

Fletcher was a man of firm convictions. He also had strong antipathy toward celebrity-hunters. On one of serveral occasions a journalistic lady of standing in the community sought to curry his favor. At which he tore off his wide-brim hat, hurled it across the room, and stomped out of her hearing. He was also a man of firm vision. On another occasion I was invited to his apartment where I was served powerfully strong gin-tonics while he revealed his dream of an activity in Arkansas that would unearth the buried lore of the people who were a long-time dead. He meant folklore — and the organization of a Society that would unearth that world. He was caught up in the thought of the plain people's heroic past.

Because he had become "notorious," he would be invited to "evenings" organized by young people of the town, where he was supposed to talk about the French symbolists and the artist life in England. At that time he had become greatly infuriated with the French "deca-daunts" as he called them. He was then much in love with the American way, if it would only mend its ways. And he was then much in love with Arkansas, its scenery, its folklore, its native strength. And he was most unhappy with the way the world was going.

Here one is obliged to quote a quatrain from an early Fletcher volume that is brimful of protest and patches of purple anguish:

I grumble over life;
I grumble over meat;
I carp at everything,
For I find grumbling sweet.
from *Fool's Gold*, 1913

This attitude so early expressed in verse appears as the enduring quality in the man. Although not very agreeable in a world dominated by the cheerful, smiling propaganda of merchandizing, such an attitude can possible be the origin of one individual's creative force.

It may be that these lines by Pound best define Fletcher's protesting disposition:

You of the finer sense,
Broken against false knowledge,
You who can know at first hand,
Hated, shut in, mistrusted:
Take thought:
I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile.

As poet in the schoolhouse, Fletcher was more an irritation, a person without portfolio, than a gleaming light, insipiring in the cultural wasteland of that time. However, he was *there*. He was there, and he belongs. He belongs incontestably to a small chapter in the history of Washington County. Of the Ozarks he wrote:

> Here in the Ozarks today, if a man marries early he must abide his luck and call that abiding virtue, as so many before him have done, or else get out and never return, which as been the solution of all the ambitious and the discontented.
>
> *Arkansas, 1947*

Fletcher, as ambitious and discontented, *did* get out. But he *did* go home again. In the schoolhouse he was neither shot nor taught — he had been well taught long before. He *did* go home again — much to the credit of his native state.

EARLY FAMILIES OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

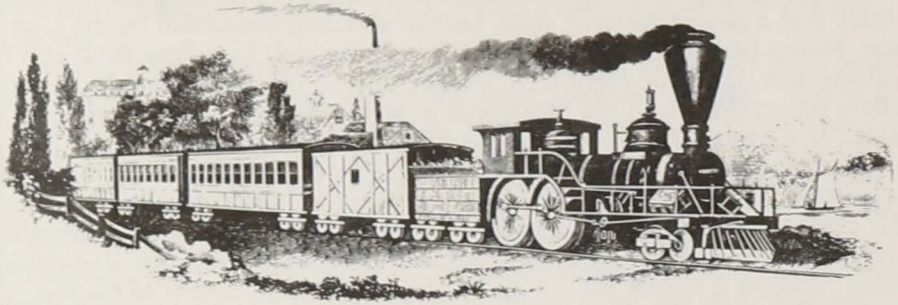
As we have noted before, Lloyd McConnell of the Society has compiled records of early families in the county, whether or not they are related. These are available in booklet form from Lloyd, whose address is 421 West North Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701.

Information has been gleaned from cemetery records, marriage books, census records, tax lists, and various other data available. Names researched are:

Alberty	Evins	Reed
Alexander	Fincher	Robbins
Allen	Ginson	Russell
Anderson	Graham	Sanders
Armstrong	Gregg	Skelton
Blair	Holcomb	Smith
Bloyed	Holt	Stone
Boyd	Hutchens	Strickler
Brinson	King	Thompson
Brown	Lawson	Van Winkle
Buchanan	Lewis	Vaughan
Carnahan	Marrs	Walker
Collins	Mayberry	Watts
Cox	McGarrah	West
Crawford	Miller	White
Crawley	Neill	Williams
Curtis	Parks	Wilson
Drake	Phelan	Woodruff
Edmiston	Pyeatt	Woods

The price of each booklet is $6.50 postpaid, except for Smith and Williams which cost 10.00 each.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BOONE'S DIARY OF A TRIP (1853)



(Editor's Note: The following material was made available to us by Lila Boone Michael, great granddaughter of Benjamin F. Boone. The travel diary was kept by B. F. Boone on a trip in 1853, when he was 25 years old, and has been edited to remove some of the confusing punctuation and illegible words. The letter to his wife from Lieutenant Boone was edited by his granddaughter, Mrs. Nora Boone Carlisle.)

Benjamin Franklin Boone was a relative of Daniel Boone, the celebrated explorer and frontiersman. Benjamin's father, Dr. Jimmy (James Monroe) Boone, was a practicing physician in Washington Country from 1830, when he and his fmaily arrived from Tennessee. A part of Dr. Boone's old brick house still stands, just a short distance west of the village of Elkins. Dr. Boone served both in the Territorial and State Legislature and helped draft the first Arkansas constitution. He was killed at his home in Elkins in 1856.

The doctor's second son, Benjamin Franklin, became a prominent figure in this same area. He was a leading lawyer and was a member of the American Legal Association, according to a surviving certificate, dated August 23, 1851, which shows him as a resident of Huntsville at the time. Later he practiced in Fayetteville. After his marriage in 1852 to Susan (Sarah) Ann Roberson, he built a home one mile south of Elkins. He operated a large farm, having a number of negro slaves. He also had a general merchandise store and established a United States post office known as Boone's Grove. This was the first post office on White River in this part of the country. This, one would think, was activity enough for one man, but Benjamin Franklin Boone seems to have continued his legal practice. A business card lists him as an attorney-at-law located at Boone's Grove, Washington County, Arkansas. His connections are indicated by references on the card to James Sutton and M. M. (probably intended to be J.M. for Jonas March) Tebbetts of Fayetteville, Seaman and Keener in Huntsville, Wallace and Ward of Van Buren, and E. H. English, far away in Little Rock.

Left home 15 Jany. 1853. Staid Luche, first night bill 25¢. Took dinner at Wagners 16th, bill 25¢. Got Van Buren 16th, put up a Bosticks. Staid till after supper 17; my horse till after breakfase 18, bill $2.25. Went aboard and took passage on S. B. Tibner, night 17. Left Van Buren for Forth Smith

Got to Little Rock eve of 20th. Bought 10¢ paper and 10¢ worth of peanuts. Wrote to Susan. Left Little Rock after 12 o'clock 20 and got to Pine Bluff 8 o'clock that night. Wooded and took on some freight. Boyd and Finley had a severe quarrel; drew pistols; shooting prevented by the Captain. Finely (sic) got ? and preached Boyd's funeral. Left Pine Bluff at 11 o'clock, run nearly all night 21st. Passed Ark's Post; took the cut off into White River. Went into the Mississippi at Montgomery's point. Bought 10¢ worth of pecans. 'Tis raining this evening. Traveled on all night.

22nd (Saturday)--snowing and raining this morning. 30 miles from Memphis when we breakfasted. Since coming into the Mississippi we have met the Equinox Eclipse and Buckeye. Passed the Obyne. The Mississippi is very high; many places looks to five mile wide. Got to Memphis 10 o'clock 22nd. Bought 2 novels 50¢; 1 guide of travel, and 5¢ worth of pecans.

23rd (Sunday) Fine day. Mist (sic) several boats. The Sultana is after us but don't seem to turn over. Got to New Madrid 3 o'clock. Just about sundown a gale came up; after dark got so high the boat reeled from side to side as if it would be submerged in this mighty deep. The gale blew upstream. The Capt. said we sailed at the rate of 40 miles per hour. We were about dashing ashore broadside when the pilot succeeded in backing off shore, then rounded to and cast anchor. A terrible effort made her safe. The Captain's hat lost. Carriage on hurricane deck blew north off the boat. There we lay about 50 miles below Cairo, and glad to be laying up. The Sutton, one-half mile above...landed ashore, so far as I know safe.

Monday, 24 Jany. We lay up all night. The storm howled hideously; this morning 'tis much more calm. The Sultana lay up last night about a quarter mile of us. It was well nigh gone in the storm; got aground near the middle of the river. The chimneys and part of the hurricane roof blew off. Their rudder broke when the chimneys blew off. The boat caught fire but happily it was extinguished before doing much damage. Thus left to the mercies of the waves with over 100 passengers aboard, she was driven by pilling (?) stones hither and thither till at length she neared the shore and happily was safely landed, anchor cast, and we left her laying up this morning. 10 o'clock, the gale is up; the waves roll high. I got off Tiber at Smith land. Put up at the Gordon house, McCrens landlord. Staid there till 25th.

The Tempest went up to Nashville this morning. Old boat; I would not go on her but waited for Luella to go down to Poder Cho (Paduchah?) and return. Bill at Smith $1.50. Went on board Luella at dusk even 25th. Fare to Nashville, $6.00.

26th. Passed Clarkes 10 o'clock. Eat the best dinner on board today that I ever met with on board a Steamer. Got to Nashville 1 o'clock night 26th. Put up at Union Hall; staid till after breakfast; bill 50¢. Hacky on the RR depot at 25¢. RR fare to Wartrace $1.70. Left Nashville and got to Wartrace ½ after 9; got to Shelbyville ½ after 3, no charge. Hired horse and went out to Uncle Wm. Boone's--$1.00.

Remained at Uncle Wm. and at Uncle Samuel until 1st day Feby. Tuesday, went to Shelbyville, paid G. Davidson $30.00 and took up recpts. Collected of G. T. Neil, clerk, $176.55. Paid $1.00 for power of atty. for B. F. Reagor. Got on Carsal (?) 2 o'clock p.m. Got to Wartrace. Was not going up till next day so I got on freight cars and went to Alasonia. Fare to Wartrace 25¢; to Alasonia (SC) (?). Got to cousin Faners and staid till 11 o'clock next day.

2nd day Feby. Left Alasonia 11 o'clock on cars for end road. Took stage for Coperton's Landing on Tennessee river, Jackson County, Alabama. Got there 2 o'clock and got wharfboat. Fare from end road to Chattanooga $4.00; from Alasonia to end $1.10. Became acquainted with Mr. Jos. Warr going to N. C.; also Parson Strode. Got to Henderson end road 1 o'clock, then stage at Coperton's landing 2.6 hours. Left there 3rd day 4 o'clock on board the Alabama. Awful days, fair at Coperton's Landing. We sailed on till midnight when we got to the Suck. Broke two lines and the rudder and knock a hole in the hull and lay to till morning. (The next entry is illegible, but apparently covers the trip to Chattanooga.)

4th Feby. Omnibus to depot 25¢. Rained all night. Fare on RR and to Atlanta $4.50. Passed Dalton, Cassville, Cartersville besides numerous other cities. Passed through Marietta and Atlanta. There got ticket to Augusta, GA $5.00. Took supper at Covington; 50¢ for dinner. Today bought apple cakes 15¢. Got to Augusta 4 o'clock, arriving 46 hours, 308 miles from Chatanooga. Toll on bridge between Augusta, GA and Hamburgh, SC 5¢.

6th Feby. Left Hamburgh 6 o'clock; ticket to Middleton $3.80. Breakfast 2 hours from Hamburgh at Aiken, 50¢. Got to Bransford, then changed cars for Middleton. Tressell bridge over Congaree river 3 miles from 15 to 320 feet high. There changed cars for Manchester route to Wilmington for $10.75. Supper end of road at Hills 50¢. There took stage 80 miles, crossed Watiree, tressels 4 miles long. Took breakfast at Fair Bluff NC; got to Whiteville ½ after 1 o'clock p.m. The cars having left, I walked on 7 miles that evening and staid all night with Wm. Balding, no charge.

8th Feby. Left after breakfast, walked 2/7 miles to depot and there waited for cars which came ½ after 4. The country is most miserably poor. Got to Cape Fear 3 o'clock. I went by boat 6 miles for Wilmington. Put up at Carolina House. Bill 75¢.

Feby. 9. Left Carolina house before breakfast, went up depot, eat breakfast at Franklin house, 50¢.

(Editor's Note: Nowhere in the diary does it state the purpose for the long and agonizing trip. From Wilmington he went north through North Carolina to Raleigh where he was forced to "lay over", leaving Raleigh on February 11 at 9 o'clock.)

Passed college at Chapel Hill. Rev. Block, Calvinistic Preacher, rascal. On to Hillsboro. Feby. 12th, got to Greensboro 9 o'clock. Went on passed Kemerville, war town. Salem Methodist and Presbyterian College at Greensboro. Travelled with Capt. McCullogh, Texas Rangers.

13th Sunday at Lexington. Examined the estate of Sarah Wilson, dead.

Found $519.55 due the heirs of Rebecca Smith, dead. Found $277.54½ due said heirs from estate of Andrew and S. Wilson.

15th, Collected of clerk $579.55.

(Editor's note: From there Mr. Boone went back to Chapel Hill, to Raleigh, and then to Petersburgh, VA. At Gaston the cars were delayed by a collision of two engines. From Richmond he took the train to Baltimore, fare $7.00.)

19th, Got to Fredricksburg at 12 o'clock. Got to Potomac River and got aboard steamship 10 o'clock. Sea very ruff. Snow 2 inches deep today. Passed Mt. Vernon and Fort Washington and Alexandria, a large city. Arrived at Washington City 4 o'clock. The Capitol is a grand building encircled by a beautiful green, both natural and artifical. The city, however, very much scattered. Got to Baltimore 7 o'clock p.m. Ticket to Philadelphia $3.00. Eat nominal today but breakfast. Got to Wilmington, Delaware 11 o'clock p.m.

Staid in Philadelphia till morn 26th, left for home. Bill at Columbia House $14.85. Bought ticket to Pittsburg $9.50. Passed Harrisburg and a good many other places today. Bought 10¢ worth of apple pie and I got very sick on the cars, vomited five times during the night--I do not like to travel on R Road.

27th. I have eat but 10¢ worth of anything since breakfast morn of 26th and I still eat nothing till 1 o'clock today; I even now feel sick at stomach but perhaps shall feel right by dinner.

Having got to Pittsburgh Sunday morn 27th Feby had to lay over till Monday 11 o'clock in order to do my trading. Bill at National Hotel 3 meals and lodging $1.00. On board S. B. Keystone State left Pittsburgh 12 o'clock, eat a splendid dinner, feel much better after dinner. Oh, what a decided pleasure in traveling on Steamboat over Railroad cars; here a man can sleep, eat and walk to his heart's content. We had a grand dance on board tonight--ladies and men--and of all the ridiculous transactions with which I have ever met, nothing seems more so to me. I was at a Negro wedding and dance in Tenn. and it went off just as entertainingly as did this--to see men and women of reputed taste capering around like so many monkeys is a scene to me very disgusting.

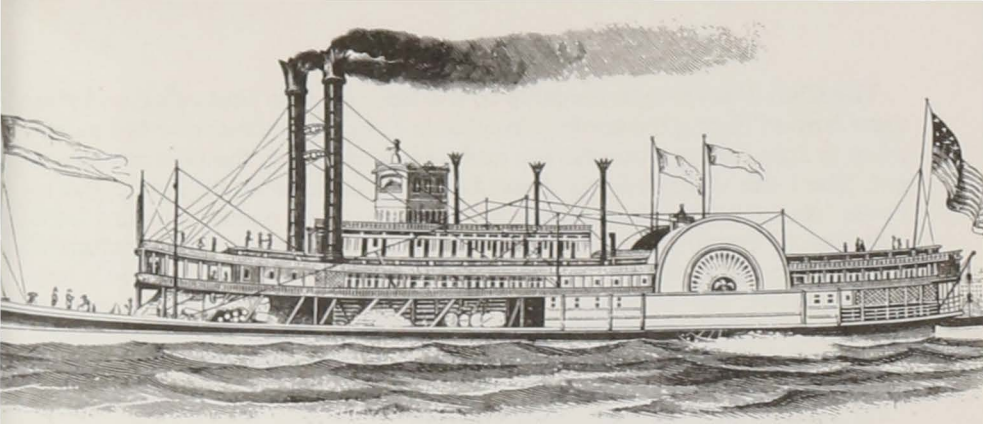
March 1st, Tuesday. I sat awhile tonight and heard a lady play on the piano and sing which caused me to think of home and its relations with a more serious mind than usual.

2nd March. Awoke and found myself in Cincinnati (?). Then went aboard the Telegraph No. 3 for Louisville. How extraordinarily they live on these packets. Bought 3 oranges 11¢ and at 12 o'clock midnight we arrived in Louisville, but no boat tonight, either for below or St. Louis.

3 March. No boat to leave this morn. Got on Sultana to leave this eve 12. Two o'clock begins to look like starting. Sultana the steamer which come so nigh being wrecked in the storm on the Mississippi as I went up entirely repaired and has made one trip to New Orleans since.

Friday, March 4th. Just below Brandenburgh. Cold. Taken on freight all this day and night. It is to be hoped the freight will all be put on tonight.

Saturday 5th. Taking on freight all day and night.



Sunday 6th. All freight on ready to leave. Last night put on freight until the boat sprung a leak. Then took off, corked, and put on again. We are this morn just below Henderson about 200 miles from Louisville, having been 66 hours running it and freighting. We left this morning and run all day. Dr. McQueen of Mississippi, Dr. Boseir of Arkansas, Mr. Reynolds of Arkansas, and Col. Sevier's son-in-law Mr. Thos. Churchill on board.

Wednesday, 9th. Took breakfast and such an one as it was--awful. No boat. Took dinner on warfboat--wretched. Gov. Meigs in port; took supper on her; first rate. Shall go on her.

11th Saturday. Ran all day. Passed Pine Bluff just at night. Got three miles above and laid up all night.

12th Sunday. Run till 12 o'clock and stopped, and when started the steam was so high it burst the connexion pipe, blew off ten feet of pipe. The noise was keen and then heard rumbling. I was lying in my berth. At the first clash I was to my feet and making quick efforts to get to the lady cabin, went through it, back to the stern and found the ladies scared to death almost. Told them the danger over, nobody hurt. Thankful to God that we are all safe and 'tis no worse. We lie here 45 miles below the Rock and wait for next boat. 'Tis raining.

Monday. Awakened 12 midnight and found the Madona coming up. Settled up on board Gov. Meigs $7. Went board Madona (Madora), asked ten dollars; We wouldn't give it. Capt. Thurston made contract for his passengers--20 odd to Van Buren for $8, so we are off again.

Tuesday 15th. We have been making an average of about three miles an hour. Such travel as this is a great source of aggravation to a man who has been away from all that is near and dear to him for two months.

Wednesday night. Got off the Madona on the Umpir. Paid $6 on Madona and $6 on Umpir. Got to Van Buren morn of the 19th. Went up to Bostick's, took breakfast 30¢. Bostick loaned me a horse to Buhana. Buhana loaned me horse to Luckes. Sent it back to Bobo. Got home 3 o'clock the 10th. All Well.

The Civil War brought hardship to the Boones. The post office and store were burned during the conflict. Benjamin Franklin Boone collected a company to fight for the Confederacy and took from choice the post of Lieutenant. The letter which follows shows his piety, his love for his family and his cause, and the spirit with which he faced the trials ahead. His first battle was that of Prairie Grove. He was wounded in the thigh by a cannon ball and moved to Cane Hill, where he lived for three months, dying in a brick church which had been converted into an emergency hospital. Later the place was made over into a home and was occupied by Dr. Welch, father of the Dr. Welch who practiced medicine so long in Fayetteville. The building still stands.

The letter which follows was addressed:

To Mrs. Susan A. Boone
When I am no more of this world
B. F. Boone, Boone's Grove, Ark. August 2nd 1861
Beloved Wife-

On tomorrow I start for the war camp of Genl Ben McCulloch near Springfield, Mo. Should I arrive in time for the battle at Springfield, as it is deemed necessary I may engage in the fight, and should I fall, remember it will be for you and our childrens liberty and the freedom of our country--and it is a holy and just cause, humbly relying upon that God that protects the right. I commit myself now to his keeping, trusting that he will do all things well.

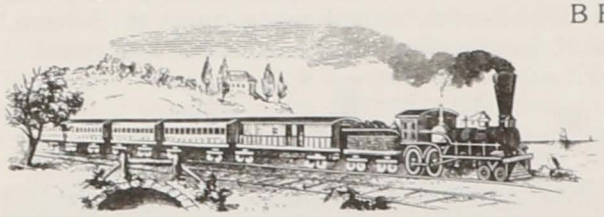
Should I never return my will and pleasure is that a portion of the property over which God has placed me as steward should be sold, sufficient to pay my indebtedness--the remainder to be carefully husbanded for the mutual benefit of yourself and our children--Dewitt Turenn, Leroy Bernoulli, Mary Inez, and Edwin Greenwood. That the children should all receive a good English education and be reared in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

Fare thee well, and should we meet no more on earth, then fare thee well till we meet to part no more in the world of endless light-

Most afftectionately,
B F Boone

P.S. Should it become necessary to have this will acted upon, my pleasure is that my brother Lafayette, or Leroy B. Cunningham one should attend to the matter.

B F Boone



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Just send us some Family History, Printed Memorabilia, Old Diaries, Photos, etc.

The Editors need your help.